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### ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF MISS JANE PORTER.

**I**F ever there were an age in which woman's genius—genius associated with virtue—was pre-eminently distinguished, it is the present. Stars of glory, it is true, in earlier times, occasionally beamed on us in their courses; but *their* visits, like those of angels, were “few and far between;” it is for us alone to boast a constellation of luminaries, each of which, radiating intellectual lustre, might, in less favoured periods, have been regarded as a sun—the centre of a system.

Genius is often hereditary: often, too, does it display itself in a manner so extraordinary, as to be contemplated as in the light of a family virtue. Of the latter, Miss Porter's domestic circle affords a remarkable instance. Her father was a meritorious officer, who died in the service of his country; her mother, a lady yet living, and venerable alike for her years and her virtues, has been aptly designated as “a Cornelia, who may well be proud of her jewels.” She herself, as well as her brothers and her sister, was nursed in the very lap of literature. Almost from infancy she was accustomed to the society of persons of established fame in the world of letters, and to that of young people, then emulous of similar honours, and whose names have since proudly swelled the catalogue of contemporary talent.

More particularly to illustrate the family genius to which allusion has been made, it is proper, in the first

instance, to mention, that this lady's elder brother, Dr Porter, an eminent physician of Bristol, is the author of various professional treatises which have served to increase his well-earned medical celebrity. His acquirements, and his powers of observation, have been much enlarged by visiting the East and West-Indies, and most of the countries of Europe.

Miss Porter's younger brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, was in his youth devoted, not only to literature and the arts, but to arms. His genius, lively and eccentric, was evinced even in childhood. One of his boyish frolics we happen to recollect. He and two or three others passed the greater part of a night amongst the grounds at the back of Holland House, Kensington. It had been previously agreed, that each should produce a sonnet in the course of his perambulation: young Porter's effusions would not have disgraced a poet of repute. This gentleman, “who has the honour of being classed among the pupils of West, gave striking proofs of early, if not of precocious talent. His first great semi-panoramic picture, *The Storming of Seringapatam*, in which nearly all the principal figures were portraits, was finished before he had completed his twenty-first year. This admired production was succeeded by *The Battle of Alexandria*, *The Battle of Lodi*, &c., all of which were eminently conspicuous in merit, and proportionably attractive in exhibition.” Had he continu-

ued in the practice of the art, there is little doubt of his having achieved its highest honours. At St Petersburg, he acquired considerable fame, with the special notice and favour of the Emperor Alexander. There, also, it was his fortune to unite himself in marriage with a woman of rank and title. About seven or eight years ago, Sir Robert went from Russia to Persia, made the tour of the latter kingdom, and has since presented the public with the result of his researches, in two splendid quarto volumes, enriched by many plates from his own drawings made on the spot.\*

Miss Porter's younger sister, Anna Maria, equally celebrated with herself in the walks of elegant fiction, gave early indications, not only of a love of literature, but of a talent for literary composition. If we mistake not, she published two volumes of Tales when not more than thirteen years of age; and, since that period, we could enumerate about thirty more volumes, the offspring of her prolific pen. Of these, the principal are known as *The Hungarian Brothers*; *Don Sebastian*; *The Recluse of Norway*; *The Knight of St John*; *The Fast of St Magdalen*; *Roche Blanc, or the Hunter of the Pyrenees, &c.* This lady may be said, like Pope, to have "lisp'd in numbers." Of late years, however, with the exception of one little volume, it is only in a few occasional stanzas, here and there scattered over the pages of her romances, that we meet with the tender or the lofty rhyme—the produce, apparently, of momentary inspiration. At a future period, we shall probably renew our acquaintance with this accomplished writer.

Miss Porter has long been known as the author of that beautiful, moral, and affecting romance, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*; of that yet more elevated composition, *The Scottish*

*Chiefs*; of *The Pastor's Fire-side*; of *Remarks on Sidney's Aphorisms*; and, more recently, of *Duke Christian of Luneberg*, a work which, without solicitation, she had the honour of being commanded to inscribe to our present Sovereign. To the merits of these respective productions—to the literary character of their author—it is impossible to render justice, in a sketch so brief as that to which we are here restricted.

It is not too much to say, that, of the superior historical romance, Miss Porter is the founder. An admission, to this effect, has, we believe, been candidly conceded by Sir Walter Scott himself. An important advantage of this class of writing, as conducted by Miss Porter, by her sister, and by some of their contemporaries, is, that, in addition to the strong interest it excites, and the high moral it inculcates, it stimulates the reader to historical and antiquarian research—a research which is at all times abundantly repaid.

We are not aware that Miss Porter has professedly invoked the Muses; but her very prose is poetry—poetry in the best sense of the term, exhibiting noble, exalted, and sublime images, clothed in language equally noble, exalted and sublime. United to the utmost purity of moral, a glowing and chivalric spirit, worthy of a soldier's daughter, breathes through her works. It may be said of her, as it has been said, with little variation, of her own almost-worshipped Sir Philip Sidney, that her power lies in the representation of all that is most lovely in nature, or the resulting harmony of her productions; in the delineations of those of her species whose high aspirations seem to point out a loftier and less terrene original, and whose pure flame of affection appears rather to have been kindled at the sacrifice or the altar, than at the grosser fires of love.†

\* Sir Robert, who is at this time we believe in England, is also well known as the author of "*Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the Years 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1808.*"

† "Uniting all the accomplishments which youthful ardour and universality of talent could acquire or bestow—delighting nations with the varied witchery of his pow-



## LOW LIFE.

**I**N a miserable hut, at the foot of Ben Lodi, lived a poor man called James Stuart, whose exertions just served to maintain himself and his family from absolute want. In all his troubles and misfortunes he forgot not, that kings of his name, and, as he himself asserted, of his family, had swayed the sceptre of Scotland. In his sober moments he was satisfied with speaking of George the Third as one of his ane relations; but when his fancy was improved by a bottle of whiskey, he would roundly assert his right to the British throne, and threaten to lead his clan to London, and compel the head of the Guelphs to resign his empire in favour of himself, the head of the Stuarts. These visionary projects were dispelled by the rays of the morning, which exhibited to his eyes his own miserable hut, constructed of mud and dung, and tenanted by a dozen animals of various genera, all living in social compact together, and talking, grunting, bleating, barking, and lowing under the same roof, like different instruments in the same orchestra. As every pious mussulman turns his face once in each day towards Mecca, so every poor Scotchman in misfortunes, fixes his eyes upon London. James Stuart foresaw that he never should be able to provide for the whole of his family, and that one at least of his three sons must travel south, like James the First, and many thousands besides, for the purpose of bettering his condition. "What the de'il," he would say to his wife, "shall we do wi' Sandy, for the puir bairn canna hae the advantages which will fall on the shoulders o' his brothers: ye ken that James will be laird o' this comfortable mansion, and hae twa pigs and a ku besides, and our next bairn may make himself as happy as a king

with two sheep, three hens, and their guid man, the auld game cock. Sandy maun e'en gang and see what he can make of his relatives that live in Buckingham House." Some months of unusual industry, the sale of a fat pig, and a little siller borrowed from a neighbour, formed a purse of money amounting to five pounds, which was destined to set forth poor Sandy in the world. Early in the autumn, the lad, conveying on his back all his possessions, proceeded on his journey towards London. A handkerchief suspended to a stick, contained his wardrobe, which consisted of two shirts, two neckcloths, a pair of shoes, and a coat, made of better cloth, and intended for more important occasions than the one in which he was clad. He directed his course towards London by the way of Stirling and Edinburgh. During the day he trudged on foot along the road, or moved with more expedition behind some vehicle which happened to be proceeding on the same route. At night he reposed in hovels or under haystacks, or purchased a lodging or a bed for three pence, where he reposed in company of wretches who, in the morning, rose up pennyless and miserable, and whose first thoughts were by necessity directed to find means by which they might live throughout the day. His food during the journey was such as his parsimony could purchase, and sometimes such as accidental charity would bestow. In about fifteen days he approached the outskirts of London, and from the heights of Highgate beheld that city which early instruction had taught him to consider as the wonder and mistress of the world. His youthful ignorance had represented to himself streets paved with gold, bounteous hands showering

ers, and courts with the fascination of his address—leaving the learned astonished with his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace, and communicating, wherever he went, the love and spirit of gladness—he [Sir Philip Sidney] was, and well deserved to be, the idol of the age he lived in."

pearls and diamonds on the heads of a numerous and happy population, a total absence of all vexation and labour, and a continued scene of pleasure and enjoyment. He entered London by Tottenham Court Road, and soon approached that focus of filth and iniquity inhabited by the most desperate and miserable characters, the lower orders of the Irish. The place is called the Rookery, and extends from Tottenham Court Road on the west, to Charlotte-street on the east; is bounded by Holborn on the south, and Russell-street on the north. This is one of the greatest receptacles in the metropolis for wicked characters, from the cruel perpetrators of the foulest murder, to the more prudent and less daring thief, who subsists by petty larceny. In this quarter every female has meditated adultery, and every male, death. Enemies to the community at large, they are not less suspicious of each other. The publican who serves his beer, holds firm the pot with one hand until his muscles are relaxed by the metallic touch that intimates to him that he is paid. The wearied repose not until the sleep which they are to enjoy is purchased, and he that wishes to retain his lodging until the evening, must pay for it in the morning.

Poor Sandy was no sooner arrived in this quarter, than he accidentally encountered a friend, who had left Scotland about twelve months before, and travelled, like himself, to London, for the purpose of picking up some portion of that wealth which many suppose may there be so easily acquired. His appearance was that of extreme wretchedness, but he was, nevertheless, welcomed by Sandy with many hearty shakes o' the hand and homely salutations. Sweet is the voice which bids the stranger welcome to a city that contains a million of faces which are unknown to him. They soon retired to a public-house, and refreshed themselves with a supper of potatoes, herrings, and porter. Each related his adventures and his projects. Sandy's tale

was short: he had left Scotland about fifteen days before with five pounds in his pocket, and had arrived in London with three pounds ten shillings, which sum he candidly told his friend was all he had in the world. He then pulled the money from his pocket and displayed it before the eyes of his companion. The adventures of Sandy's friend had been much more extensive and multifarious. Since his residence in London he had seen much of this world, and almost something of the next; for he had been tried at the Old Bailey for house breaking, and escaped only through a flaw in the indictment. He was careful, while he was relating his adventures, to conceal this circumstance, but he gave Sandy a very entertaining description of his successes and disasters; his ups and his downs, which inspired the youth with a great reverence for his friend's capacity, and no small degree of astonishment that in a city where gold was reported to be as common as dust, that a great genius like him should have been met walking without shoes and stockings. The story appeared so very affecting that Sandy was compelled to shed tears, and when he felt for his pocket-handkerchief to wipe them away, it was gone. "No doubt," said Sandy, "I lost it on the road." "To be sure you did," replied his friend, "for the people of this neighbourhood may be trusted with untold gold."

When these two poor Scotchmen had finished their supper, Sandy began to inquire for a lodging, and was told by his companion, that half of his bed was at his service. Quite exhausted by the fatigue of fifteen days' march, Sandy readily accepted the offer, and both of them retired to a miserable chamber, where they soon fell asleep. Sandy had a delicious dream, in which he imagined that he was holding open a sack before a mountain of guineas; while his dear friend who slept at his side, was employed in filling it with a shovel. He awoke in consequence of a violent pressure made on his



shoulder by the weight of the sack, which having been raised by the hand of his friend, fell with a thump on his back. He rose up in his bed, and looked about him. His dear friend was gone. He examined the room for his handkerchief; that was also gone: he hastily seized his breeches and felt in his pocket for his money: every halfpenny had escaped. He was penniless, friendless, and unknown among a million of people. He burst into tears, and sobbed and lamented so loudly, that the noise soon summoned to his side a ruffian-looking fellow, who bade him get up, pay for his night's lodging, and depart. The youth informed him that he had been robbed, to which information he received no other reply than a direct and violent seizure by the throat, which drew him from his bed, and then dashed him down on the floor. The ruffian then stood over him, and, with dreadful threats, bade him dress himself and depart instantly from the house. Sandy made as much dispatch as his fears would allow, and having dressed himself, sneaked down the staircase, followed by the ruffian, and, having opened the door, was impelled by a violent thrust into the street. Directing himself towards Holborn, he fell in with the stream of passengers which usually flow down that street, and as he wandered slowly and sadly along, the simplicity of his appearance and his disconsolate behaviour attracted the attention of a gentleman, who made many inquiries about the cause of his distress. Being satisfied that the story related by the youth was true, he generously accompanied him to Marlborough-street, whence the magistrate dispatched an officer to discover and seize the person of the man who had robbed him. After considerable search he was found, brought to the office, confronted with his accuser, and committed to prison to take his trial. None of the money, however, was found on the person of the culprit; and as the chamber door where they slept was left open, and the

neighbourhood as well as the house abounded with infamous characters, the jury considered the evidence as not quite conclusive, and acquitted the prisoner.

In the meantime, Sandy, who had received a few shillings from the charity of some individuals that pitied his condition, was occupied in wandering to different parts of London in search of some engagement, which might afford him the means of existence. His qualifications were extremely moderate and confined: he had nothing to offer to those who felt disposed to engage him but the muscular power of a robust and youthful constitution. He could neither read nor write. The inherent qualities of his nature, or industry, which no disappointment could subdue, and a fidelity which no temptation could corrupt, were not to be discovered through the rough exterior which enveloped them. Although repeatedly disappointed, he was not discouraged. He presented himself again and again at various shops in different parts of London, soliciting the favour of being employed as a messenger or porter. All his endeavours failed: he was compelled at last to station himself at a crossing, and to gain a precarious subsistence by cleansing with a broom the path which lay between two much frequented thoroughfares. Here, with his broom in one hand and his hat in the other, he solicited the benevolent charity of those who happened to be passing. His regularity, obsequiousness, and cleanliness attracted the attention of many, and he failed not to receive the diurnal pension of those spruce and well-clothed beings who value a genteel appearance above all things, and with justice estimate the sweeper of a crossing as a useful benefactor to the general happiness of mankind. In this light he ought to be regarded; for few among mankind exercise an office so little profitable to themselves and so beneficial to others. Consider the many vexations and quarrels he obviates, by providing a clean path to well-

dressed passengers ! How much of our happiness depends upon a clean pair of boots, a petticoat pure and unsullied by any dirty spot, a silk stocking or a shoe untainted by the slightest stain. If a man be hastening to throw himself at the feet of his mistress, or to bow in the presence of his patron : if he be desirous to create the envy and admiration of his acquaintance by lounging in Bond-street in boots equally transparent with the finest French mirror, or be obliged to hurry on foot to a dinner party, because there is no coach to be procured, who can so well provide him with a clean passage, or present him to the drawing-

room in pure and spotless habiliment as the poor and humble sweeper of a crossing ? Ye husbands that tremble before the irritability of a captious wife, whom the slightest injury sustained by her dress renders terrific ! ye antiquated maidens, whose spotless innocence is ever covered by spotless petticoats, who abominate filth and taint as much as ye abominate the impure kiss of wanton love ; ye dandies and dandizettes, who live only while ye are admired, and hate a beau-trap, a pedicular ladder, a splash, or a spot worse than ye hate old age, reverence the calling and generously reward the sweeper of a crossing.

*To be continued.*

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RONALD STUART.

RONALD STUART has ridden away to the war,  
To fight in the Saracen field !  
Ronald Stuart has ridden from Helen afar,  
And sworn that the Paynim shall yield,  
Ere his falchion he'll sheathe  
Or his true-love he'll see,  
By peacock and lady  
Holy Land shall be free !

In the fierce Soldan's dungeon young Ronald lay chain'd,  
No fay whisper'd Helen was nigh ;  
But the lady with jewels his sentinel gain'd -  
To vow with her Ronald should fly.  
At dread noon of night  
By the dark postern-gate,  
In Moorish garb shrouded,  
Fair Helen did wait.

The isles' beauteous flower, in Macdonald's bower,  
Now banishes joy from her sight,  
Droops with grief like a lily surcharg'd by the shower,  
And hastens to follow her knight,  
In weed of the pilgrim,  
O'er mountain and main,  
Through deserts of sand,  
Unto Palestine's plain.

Wak'd from wild-warring slumber, the rash captive rush'd  
On him that to freedom could lead ;  
Seiz'd his dagger—one blow—forth the life-stream hath gush'd,  
The murderer fled from his deed.  
Through the postern he sprung,  
Found the Moor at his side,  
Struck his Helen's fond heart,  
Heard her voice, sunk, and died.

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AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 268.]

IRVING—WASHINGTON—Author of sundry NEWSPAPER ESSAYS, which have been totally reproduced here ; of some papers in SALAMAGUNDI ; of KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK ; of the NAVAL BIOGRAPHY, which appeared, in a series of the ANALECTIC

MAGAZINE, we believe at Philadelphia, about 1814 ; of the INTRODUCTION to Mr Campbell's poetry (American edition) ; of the SKETCH-BOOK ; BRACEBRIDGE-HALL ; TALES OF A TRAVELLER ; and of one paper,\* if no more in the New Monthly ; mak-

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\* Called "Recollections of a Student." We are assured, although we did not perceive him that he is the author of this one paper.



ing altogether, about *five* good, fashionable *octavo* volumes, (if they were fairly published,) in England; or five *duodecimo* volumes, as they *do* publish in America.

We mention this, now, because we mean to make use of it presently; because Mr Irving has been called, among other names, a "voluminous writer," (though he has written less, in all his life, than one of his countrymen has, in four months, under the continual pressure of serious duties, which apparently took up his whole time;) because Mr Irving has been regarded as a large, industrious contributor—or at least—as not a lazy one—to the world of literature; (though he has actually produced less than half an octavo page a-day, since he first became to be known, as a professional author.)—And because (we have made an estimate) KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK, which came out, in two small duodecimo volumes, over the water; and which has been put forth in *one* volume, octavo, by the London publisher,—actually does contain *more matter* (shewing thereby, at what price we have been buying his other "Crayon" wares) than either BRACEBRIDGE-HALL; THE SKETCH-BOOK; or TALES OF A TRAVELLER—every one of which the same publisher has put forth in *two* octavo volumes.

This, we take to be a little too bad; a little too barefaced—for even a court publisher.—We cannot well perceive why we are to pay double price for the writings of Geoffrey Crayon: we do not well understand why we are to give 24s. for a certain quantity of matter by him, when as much of that which is quite as good—if not better—produced by the ablest men of the British Empire, may be had for half the money.

Still, however—(these remarks do not apply to the author: we are only laying a foundation here)—Still, however, we have no sort of doubt, whimsical as the supposition may appear—that a part, perhaps a large part, of Geoffrey Crayon's popularity, has been owing to this very short measure,

of which we complain. Things comparatively worthless may be made *genteel*, by high prices alone—(The Italian opera for example.) But—if they are to be *popular*, they must *appear* to be sold at something like a reasonable rate. Hence, with all the attractions of the opera—novelty—high prices—the patronage of royalty itself—that of all the nobility—gentry, &c. &c.—with Catalini into the bargain, while it was *ungenteel* to see Shakspeare, at Covent-Garden, or Drury Lane,—the Opera House could not be filled, even *twice a-week* last year.

We are all prone to exaggeration. It is a part of man's nature. No time; no suffering; no humiliation will overcome the propensity. You will hear a man boast of having gorged more food, or liquor; quarrelled more frequently; seen more sights; heard more noises; talked more—than other people:—Thus, too, you will hear a woman boast of having done more mischief; torn more laces, hearts, and gloves; turned more heads or tunes; caused more prattle; spoilt more music than her neighbours.—A man, whose ambition it is, to carry off *six* bottles of porter under his belt—a beast—would never complain of his butler, nor dispute the bill of his landlord for *twelve* bottles, at a sitting, if the landlord or butler could persuade him that he had really drunk the twelve—no indeed—not he—he would like them the better for it; and go away, better satisfied with himself.

Now, we take this to be precisely the case with our fashionable octavos. People, who never study; never think—are quite amazed, when they come to find, how easy a thing it is, after all, to read entirely through so vast a work as that, which has come to them in two octavos. They think better of themselves; their capacity; their diligence; less of those, whom they have hitherto looked upon with a sort of awe—the readers of a quarto: and we are sure, would never pardon us, if we should venture to tell them, that, after all—they have

only been reading a duodecimo—only as much as their fathers read for a duodecimo.

This, we say, is one cause, perhaps a great cause, of Geoffrey Crayon's popularity, with a certain class of people; the indolent, loitering and fashionable. Another is, that, finding themselves less weary, when they have read a *pair* of his octavos thro', than they have ever been before, with a pair of octavos, by anybody else, they take it for granted, naturally enough, that it is owing to his great superiority over all other octavo writers—owing to some witchery of *his*—known only to himself—that he is able to keep the attention awake, without wearying it, for what appears to them, a length of time, wholly unprecedented.

If the SKETCH-BOOK; or BRACE-BRIDGE-HALL; or the TALES OF A TRAVELLER, had been published as KNICKERBOCKER was, not in *two* fashionable\* octavo volumes; but in *one* decent octavo volume, for the day; and sold for twelve shillings—though either might have been more popular, neither would have been so fashionable, as it has been.

The LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE—papers, in that very department of writing, for which Geoffrey has obtained a fashionable reputation—(the touching, pathetic, and simply beautiful,) are greatly superior to anything of his—in *their class*. A little more management; a little more courtly, bookselling address in the publisher; and we believe, that before this, they would have superseded Irving completely, in the fashionable world—as they have, already, in the world of literature—so far, we mean, as they go, in that particular class of writing.

But enough. Come we now to the author.—Irving has been foolishly praised; cruelly, wickedly abused. He went up too high: he has fallen too low. They made an idol of him; they could see no fault or blemish in

him; they crowned him; set him above other men; offered up his fellows to him—in spite of his continual, sincere expostulations. He was no Cromwell; no Cæsar,—and he knew it: He did not refuse the honour that it might be put upon him, by force. Well—they did this—it was very foolish of them; very profane. But *he* was innocent; *he* should not have suffered.

Now—mark the change—now, in the freak of the hour, as if they could never forgive *him*, for their own folly—*now*, in the first paroxysm of returning reason—they have torn off his crown; tumbled him into the dirt with brutal derision, cries; and would, if they had power, grind him to dust; casting the precious metal, that *is* within him, with all that he has of common earth, upon the waters, or the winds. They anointed him wickedly: they are now dishonouring him, far more wickedly. It is high time for us to interpose.

Shame on the dastards! There was a time, when he was talked about, as a creature of miraculous purity—in whom there was no guile: a sort of superior intelligence, come out for the regeneration of our literature: a man, so kind of heart; so benevolent; so gentle, that none but a ruffian could speak affrontingly of him. But *now*!—to hear what some people say, one would be ready to believe that he (who is, in truth, one of the most amiable, excellent creatures, alive—with manhood enough, too, where manhood is called for,) is a dangerous, lewd man; a licentious, obscene, abominable profligate; an atrocious conspirator—at war, alike with morality and liberty—a block-head—(this climax, for the late Westminster school)—a political writer—an idiot—a patrician. Geoffrey Crayon a political writer! God help the fools!

Yes—it is time for us to interpose. We throw our shield over, him therefore. We undertake once for all,

\* Qu.—May not our author's text have run thus—*two* fashionable volumes:—that is,"—&c. &c.—WARBURTON.



to see fair play. Open the field—withdraw the rabble—drive back the dogs—give him fair play; and we will answer for his acquitting himself, like a man. If he do not, why—let him be torn to pieces and be —.

In the day of his popularity, we shewed him no favour: in this, the day of his tribulation we shall shew him none. He does not require any. We saw his faults when there was nobody else to see them. We put our finger upon the sore places about him: drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour; a joint, visible, in his golden harness—treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man. But,—we have never done,—we never will do him wrong. We never have been—we never will be—gladiators, or assassins, for the amusement of any body. We have too much respect for ourselves; too much for him—too little regard for the changes of popular opinion, which is never right, where it is possible to be wrong—ever to join the mob of puffers, or blackguards.

What we say, therefore, now, of Washington Irving, we say, with a full knowledge, that a time will come, when it shall appear against us. We shall put our opinion here, as upon record—believing, in our hearts—for we have no temporary purpose to gratify—that, after many years *he* will find consolation, support in it; *others*—that, in the time of these changes, there was one, at least—who had courage, power, and patience, to tell the truth of him—utterly careless of what other men thought, or said.

One word of his life, and personal appearance, (both of which are laughably misrepresented,) before we take up his works. He was born we believe, in the *city* of New York; began to write for a newspaper at an early age: read law; but gave it up in despair—feeling, as Cowper did before him, a disqualifying constitutional timidity, which would not permit him to go out, into public life:

engaged in mercantile adventure: appeared first in Salamagundi; followed with Knickerbocker; wrote some articles for the American Magazines; was unsuccessful in business: embarked for England—where, since he came to be popular, any body may trace him.

He is now in his fortieth year: about five feet seven: agreeable countenance; black hair; manly complexion: fine hazel eyes, when lighted up—heavy in general—talks better than he writes, when worthily excited; but falls asleep—literally asleep in his chair—at a formal dinner party, in high life: half the time in a reverie: little impediment—a sort of uneasy, anxious, catching respiration of the voice, when talking zealously: writes a small, neat hand, like Montgomery, Allan Cunningham or Shee, (it is like that of each)—indolent—nervous—irritable—easily depressed—easily disheartened—very amiable—no appearance of especial refinement—nothing remarkable—nothing uncommon about him:—precisely such a man, to say all in a word, as people would continually overlook, pass by without notice, or forget after dining with him, unless, peradventure, his name were mentioned; in which case—odds bobs!—they are all able to recal something remarkable in his way of sitting eating, or looking—though, like Oliver Goldsmith himself, he had never opened his mouth, while they were near: or sat, in a high chair—as far into it as he could get—with his toes just reaching the floor.

We come now to the works of Geoffrey.—1. The NEWSPAPER ESSAYS: Boyish theatrical criticisms—nothing more: foolishly and wickedly reproduced by some base, mercenary countryman of his—from the rubbish of old printing-offices: put forth as “*by the author of the SKETCH-BOOK.*”—How could such things be, “*by the author of the Sketch-book,*” written as they were, twenty years before the “*Sketch-Book*” was thought of?—By whom *were* they written?—By a boy,—Was *he* the

author of what we call The Sketch-Book?—No. The Sketch-Book was written by a man; a full grown man. *Ergo*—the American publisher told a —. Q. E. D.

Nevertheless, there is a touch of Irving's quality, in these papers—paltry as they are: A little of that happy, sly humour; that grave pleasantry, (wherein he resembles Goldsmith so much;) that quiet, shrewd, good-humoured sense of the ridiculous, which, altogether, in our opinion, go to make up the chief excellence of Geoffrey—that, which will outlive the fashion of this day; and set him apart, after all, from every writer in our language. The qualities which have made him fashionable, he has, in common with a multitude:—Others, which are overlooked, now; but which will cause him to be remembered hereafter—perhaps for ages—are *peculiarly, exclusively* his own.

2. SALAMAGUNDI: OR WHIM WHAMS, &c. &c.—The production of Paulding, Irving, Verplanck; and perhaps of others, in partnership:—the papers of Paulding are more sarcastic, ill-natured, acrimonious—bitter, than those of Irving; but quite as able: Those by Verplanck, we do not know: we have only *heard* of him, as one of the writers: It is a work in two volumes, duodecimo; essays, after the manner of Goldsmith—a downright, secret, laboured continual imitation of him—abounding too in plagiarisms: the title is from our English FLIM FLAMS: oriental papers—the little man in black, &c. &c. from the Citizen of the World; Parts are capital: as a whole, the work is quite superior to any thing of the kind which this age has produced. By the way, though—What if some *very* enterprising publisher were to bring out a few of the old British classics, in a modern octavo dress, with a fashionable air—We have an idea that he would find it pay well. The Vicar of Wakefield, now; Tom Jones; Peregrine Pickle—What a run they might have, before they were discovered, in their large, handsome type;

fine, white paper; and courtly margins.—Or, “to make assurance doubly sure;” and escape the critical guardians of the day, what if he change the titles; names; dates, etc.—the chances are fifty to one, that he would never be found out—at least—until two or three editions had run off. It would be more fair, than such plagiarism, as we *do* meet with every day—like this of Salamagundi—about which nobody ever thought of complaining.—Besides; where would be the harm?—the copyrights have run out. Would it not be doing a favour to the public; a handsome thing, after all, by our brave, old fashioned literature, which we are afraid, will soon be entirely obsolete?—The truth is, that we are tired and sick of these daily, hourly imitations—thefts and forgeries; angry, weary, and ashamed of seeing our old British writers—our pride—our glory—forever upon the shelf—never—never upon the table.

We are quite serious, in what we say concerning the safety, with which our old fathers might be served up, under a new title. It may be done—for it is done every day. Try the experiment. Let Mr Campbell republish that paper of Goldsmith, wherein he gives an account of a trip to Vauxhall—precisely as it is—without altering a word. Our life on it if *Mr C.* kept the secret—as he would, undoubtedly, after such a hoax, upon him, or by him—that nobody else would smell a rat, for a twelvemonth to come.—By and by, perhaps, when we have a leisure afternoon, we may amuse ourselves, with pointing out a few cases in our modern, stylish literature, to justify what we have said.

Among the characters of Salamagundi—about a dozen of which are capital, there is one of a fellow—whose name is TOM STRADDLE—an Englishman—a pretty fair specimen too, of the Englishmen, that our friends over sea, are in the habit of meeting with, in their country. It was done by Irving, we believe. It is admirable.—Some years ago, a



man, who was prosecuted in Jamaica, produced a volume of *Salamagundi* on his trial. The publication charged as libellous, it appeared, had been copied, literally, word for word, with a spiteful, malicious accuracy, from the character of Tom Straddle; printed—sold—sent abroad, mischievously enough, to be sure, while one of those English "*Travellers*," whom Irving had so delightfully hit off, was in Jamaica—exploring and astonishing the natives.—This fact, alone, proves the truth of resemblance.

3. **KNICKERBOCKER:** A droll, humorous history of New York, while the Dutch, who settled it, were in power; conceived, matured, and brought forth, in a bold, original temper—unaided—and alone—by Irving: more entirely the natural thought, language, humour, and feeling of the man himself—without imitation or plagiarism—far more than either of his late works: It was written, too, in the fervour and flush of his popularity, at home—after he had got a name, such as no other man had, among his countrymen; after *Salamagundi* had been read, with pleasure, all over North America: In it, however, there is a world of rich allusion—a vein of sober caricature—the merit of which is little understood here: Take an example—"Von Poffenburg" is a portrait—outrageously distorted, on some accounts,

but nevertheless a portrait, of General Wilkinson—a "bellipotent" officer, who sent in a bill, to Congress, for sugar plums, or segars, or both, after "throwing up"—in disgust we dare say, as "he could not stomach it," his military command upon the Florida frontier: So too—in the three Dutch governors, we could point out a multitude of laughable secret allusions to three of the American chief magistrates (Adams, Jefferson, Madison)—which have not always been well understood, anywhere—by anybody—save those who are familiar with American history.

By nine readers out of ten, perhaps, *Knickerbocker* is read, as a piece of generous drollery—nothing more. Be it so. It will wear the better—The design of Irving himself is not always clear: nor was he always undeviating, in his course. Truth or fable, fact or falsehood—it was all the same to him, if a bit of material came in his way.

In a word, we look upon this volume of *Knickerbocker*; though it is tiresome, though there *are* some wretched failures in it; a little overdoing of the humorous—and a little confusion of purpose, throughout—as a work, honourable to English literature—manly—bold—and so *altogether original*, without being extravagant, as to stand alone, among the labours of men.

*To be continued.*

## FLORVILLE.

**N**O longer at that period of life when the blood pours impetuously through the veins, and the equal control of reason is constantly impeded by the wild impulses of the passions, I have learned to look with a steadfast eye upon the vicissitudes of human existence, and to regard with unfeigned sympathy those victims, either of their own frailty or of untoward circumstance, that fall under my observation. My vocation in the world, indeed, more especially leads me into this train of feeling,

and affords me opportunities of indulging it. Bred up to the sacred duties of the altar, and rendered a solitary man by the early removal of my beloved wife, I stand apart, as it were, from the general mass of society, and have a time-hallowed claim to seek into the sorrows of the mourner, and pour the balm of consolation (if other help be not within my power) into the wounded spirit.

Many have been the pity-exciting objects that I have encountered in rambling through the little village

(about twenty miles from London) of which I am pastor. Many a tale of patient suffering has been breathed into my ear; and not seldom has the penitent sinner, stung by the fierce pang of remorse, stammered forth his misdeeds before the humble messenger of the Most High. The story I am about to relate is illustrative of both these remarks: the subject of it was deeply afflicted, and fearfully guilty. He is at rest—the tranquilizing earth has been heaped over his wasted body, and the worm has dieted upon that brow, which, even when first I beheld it, was pale and damp with the expression of agony. But if a brief memoir of his crime, and of its consequences, may be useful in checking the exuberance of passion, and warning the thoughtless youth, that evil inflicted on another returns with tenfold bitterness upon the head of the inflicter, he will not have suffered, nor shall I write in vain.

About two years since, a small, but neat cottage, which had been vacated by one of my parishioners, was taken by a gentleman who gave his name as Mr Herbert. He was represented by a London merchant as a man of easy circumstances and considerable accomplishments; and the higher members of our little community, while they felt some surprise that an utter stranger should select such a retired situation, were disposed to congratulate each other on so agreeable an addition to their summer excursions and winter fire-sides as the new-comer appeared likely to prove. "Is he young?" inquired the half-anxious, half-indifferent belles: "Is he married?" urged their more provident mammas: "Does he play whist?" ejaculated one or two venerable spinsters, who usually pass their evenings over "a quiet rubber:" "Is he a good shot?" demanded the 'Squire. These interrogatories, however, being made by our querists of each other, were unsuccessful in obtaining satisfactory replies, and time alone seemed likely to allay the curiosity.

At length Mr Herbert arrived. He brought with him one single domestic, and took possession of his little *cottage ornee* without any kind of parade. His mode of life soon appeared to be secluded in a very unusual degree; and little could be gained from his servant, who, being a Frenchman, was not much respected, and not at all understood by the neighbours. The 'Squire's daughter, indeed, professed to speak the French language, but she could never proceed with M. Louis beyond a few colloquial phrases, which also formed the boundary of his English; not to say that he either felt or affected an air of reserve, whenever any question seemed to trench on the peculiarities of his master.

I confess, on my own part, I was somewhat struck by these peculiarities. I had, from principle, contracted a habit of personal regard for my parishioners, and could not but feel interested why a young and handsome man (for so he was) should thus seem to have separated himself from society. He baffled all the good-natured advances of our village *beau-monde*, although no affectation of misanthropy was manifested, and every salutation was returned by him with gentlemanly ease and courtesy. His style of speaking was pure and well-bred, but I thought I could distinguish some slight inflexion of tone which led me to doubt his being a native of England; and by the extreme paleness of his intelligent face, I feared he had sought the country, in a great degree, in search of the fugitive, health.

Thus matters had continued for the space of some months, when, one fine summer morning, as I was returning from my walk through the fields, I saw a man leaning against a stile before me. His attitude excited my immediate attention: it was one of utter despair. His body seemed to droop on one side, as if exhausted; his limbs were lax and unstrung; and his head sunk upon his chest. My first impulse was to hurry forward and prevent him from falling—



but a new impression darted across me, and arrested my steps. The stranger's back was turned towards me, but his shape and garments resembled those of Herbert. Here then might ensue some method of penetrating the mystery which appeared to envelope this young man; and, pausing, I instinctively drew behind a hedge that stood close by, still fixing my eyes on the object of my interest. After a short interval, the stranger gathered himself up, threw his hands in frantic mood towards the sky, and then, pressing them against his temples, hurried on, as if seeking, by swiftness of motion, to dull the intensity of the feelings with which he had been convulsed.

By this time it became evident that I was not mistaken in the individual; I perceived, however, that it would be injudicious to address him while thus agitated, and therefore walked slowly forward, hoping that chance would, ere long, throw him again in my way, in which case I resolved to lay aside the kind of *espionage* to which I had been thus prompted by circumstances, and to introduce myself frankly to my new parishioner.

I did not wait long for this opportunity; it occurred a day or two afterwards, in one of the woody lanes which skirt the hamlet. I contrived, by dint of some tenacity, to bring my young friend into conversation, in which, at length, he seemed to take a slight interest. At his own door I was about to bid him farewell; but, grasping my hand, he said, "No, do not let us part here: you are the first individual who has drawn me back into any commerce with my kind for many dreary months. We have reciprocated words of grave and solemn import: to me such conversation is well-timed, and in it alone must I indulge. Look on me, my friend," continued he, as he entered his little parlour, "my thin hair is nearly grey; a year or two since, its blackness might have rivalled the raven's plumage. Scarcely five-and-twenty summers have passed over my head, and my cheeks are sunken and

hectic: I am dying!" I fixed my eyes instinctively on his features, and read in them a confirmation of the prophecy. I urged on him the propriety of taking advice. "It is useless," replied he, "the springs of life are wasted—the seat of my disorder is here," and he pressed his hand upon his heart.

From this time we became pretty frequent companions. Herbert was the gentlest and most unassuming of beings; and it was only when I reiterated the necessity of seeking medical advice, that he seemed to lose his equanimity; meanwhile I respected his deep-seated grief, and obtruded no curiosity respecting its origin. At length, one fine autumnal evening, when we had been watching in his garden the gorgeous setting of the sun, Herbert, who had been awhile silent, suddenly, and as if to himself, exclaimed: "Yes, it is right that it should be divulged. I will not carry the tremendous secret with me to the grave! I will endure, yet this once, the anguish of its recital."—Then addressing me: "You have, no doubt, my excellent friend, felt some desire to learn the nature of that consuming grief which is hurrying me to my final account; you have tendered me your friendship, your affection, and it is right you should know *to whom* these offers have been made. My sad story will soon be told.

"Your observation has, I am aware, led you to suspect that I am not an Englishman—this suspicion is well founded. My native country is France, my name Florville: *Herbert Florville*. I am the offspring of an ill-fated woman, whose crime, in yielding to the seductions of my father, has been visited sevenfold on her unhappy progeny. My father, the Marquis de R——, was a professed man of gallantry. He is said to have had several natural children; but made provision at his death for only two; myself, and, as I understood, a son by another amour. My education was liberal: I was bred up in an academy at Paris, and made considerable progress in polite literature,

From hence I proceeded to a college at Lyons, my spirits buoyant with hope, my heart glowing with the most expanded emotions of benevolence. I gazed around me, and drank in enthusiastically the deep beauty with which, to a young and ardent fancy, the face of visible creation is invested. I pursued my studies with alacrity, and regarded my fellow-students with affection. But there was one among these for whom I felt a peculiar esteem: he was my junior—his name, Philippe Leblanc: this youth, at the most engaging period of life (about eighteen), was distinguished by personal beauty and amiable manners; beneath which exterior lurked an envious and a traitorous heart. Thus much let me say in alleviation of my own inexpiable guilt. Why did my evil destiny impel me towards this man? Indications of his real character were occasionally discernible; yet, infatuated with his society, I either disregarded, or pushed conviction from me: we were, in fact, inseparable, until he became my confidant in a love affair. A young lady of Lyons, whom I had met in company, engrossed both my sleeping and waking thoughts; she appeared to return my attachment, and we had several stolen interviews. I designed, when my course in life should become clearer, to demand this young lady of her father; but in an evil hour, subdued by his importunities, I introduced Leblanc to my mistress. From this moment the fairy dream of life was for me dissolved, the silver cord was loosed, the golden vessel broken. Leblanc suddenly cooled in his friendship, and by-and-bye actually shunned me. No cause for this was apparent, and, wrapt in my growing passion for Caroline, I became after a while indifferent to it. At length I was stung from this carelessness by the venom of the serpent. Leblanc—my friend—professed to have sustained several considerable losses: this I had heard; but I was absent on a few days' excursion, when he made oath that he believed me to be the plunderer, and,

by dint of a well-compacted lie, obtained a warrant to search my apartments—there the lost articles were discovered; there, where he who had secreted them knew well how to seek and find. Alas, Sir, I returned to Lyons, only to perceive myself ruined; blasted in reputation, expelled the college, and sought after by the police. The woman in whose house I had lodged gave me these details, and conjured me at once to leave the town. 'Your friends,' said she, 'are engaged in compromising the affair; at another day you may come back and sift the villainy, for I am sure it is such, to its foundation. At present, to expose yourself here would be fatal.' This was judicious advice, and so soon as my boiling veins had in a slight degree subsided, I felt it to be so. Besides, Leblanc had for the present escaped me. He had, it seems, left Lyons the preceding day, it was uncertain for what place. The coward's reason for this was obvious: he knew my motions, and dared not encounter me. I quitted the town, on the borders of which I had resided, immediately, and arrived, a heart-broken man, in Paris.

"I will not attempt to describe the convulsions that swept across my mind at this period. The predominant feeling was an insatiable thirst for vengeance. 'I will execute it,' said I to myself, 'and then bid adieu to France forever. I soon received intelligence, through a trusty friend, that no further judicial steps were meditated against me, but that it would be advisable to keep away from Lyons. This, however, I disregarded, and began to doubt whether it had not been wiser to brave my fate at first, even in the teeth of the damnatory proofs produced against me. Another circumstance occurred, which decided me: I heard that Leblanc had returned to Lyons, and was paying acceptable suit to my frail fair one. This afforded an obvious clue to his malice and villainy. I prepared to start by the diligence next morning. Alas! that morning



found me stretched on a sick bed, and in a raging fever. From this illness (the fruit of mental agitation) I slowly recovered, and wished to recover only that I might visit my ruin on the head of its vile producer. During this interval, I resolved on passing over ultimately to England, and made arrangements by which my little patrimony was transferred into the British funds."

Here the unhappy speaker paused: his narrative had hitherto been continuous, and tolerably calm; but on resuming it his voice became low and tremulous; his face more ghastly pale; his eye wandering and rayless. He drew his chair nearer to mine.

"One autumnal evening, almost the first time I had ventured to creep forth, on approaching my lodging in the suburbs of Paris, I saw, turning the corner of a street before me, a well-known form; I could not be deceived—it was Leblanc's. At this moment I was tottering along, supporting my feeble steps upon a walking-stick. But the object before me wrought a change instantaneous and mighty—every fibre was on the instant strung; the blood, which had been creeping through my veins, darted along with the velocity of lightning: I felt its sudden rush suffuse my cheeks, my neck, my temples—a supernatural strength appeared conceded to me.

"I followed my enemy warily, but firmly, and with savage exultation perceived him take the road leading towards the open country. I had no defined purpose—on the contrary, all was tumult in my soul—but an uncontrollable impulse urged me on. Meanwhile, night fell upon the earth dense and starless, and it was with some difficulty I kept Leblanc in view. He moved on steadily and with unreverted eyes, not conscious of the wretched minister of vengeance who tracked his steps. At length he turned into an unfrequented path, which joined the high-road again by a nearer cut. I grasped the weapon in my hand (it was a sword-stick) and followed. When about half-way

through this pass, I shouted: he faced about, and perceived me, in the dim twilight, standing at his side. He started, but the next moment affected an air of indifference. I hurled on him the bitterest reproaches—I overwhelmed him with epithets the most disgraceful, in hopes to rouse his dormant spirit. It was ineffectual: he remained still and silent, and I fancied I could trace an expression of contemptuous triumph curling his lip. This maddened me. I insisted that he should publicly confess his imputation against my honesty to be a slanderous fabrication. I even conjured him, in terms of passionate pathos, to do me this justice; and to explain by what instrumentality he had effected my destruction. All was vain: he turned away, and proceeded. What could I do? my wrongs were crying. I thought of my ruined name and blasted prospects—of my shattered health, and of the beloved girl whom he had snatched from me. A few steps more would bring him into the open road. I drew the sword, sprang forward, and plunged it into his side, repeating the blow until the miserable victim of his own treachery and my unbounded passion, rolled dead against my feet."

Here Florville stopped, his weak frame exhausted by the terrible excitement of his narrative. After a while he added, that, on that fearful night, he had regained his lodging in a state bordering upon frenzy: that he had lain there in complete stupor for weeks, heedless of suspicion attaching to him; but hearing of none, had at length prosecuted his intention of emigrating to England.

I mused on this wretched story with deep emotion. I resolved not to betray the confidence of the young man, particularly as he was evidently fast sinking into the grave; and therefore, as far as was in my power, without affecting to extenuate his crime, quieted and consoled him.

Business, about this time, called me to London. I was absent nearly three weeks. On returning, I found

that Florville had rapidly declined, and was pronounced in a hopeless condition by a physician whose attendance his servant had procured. I learned also that he had been anxious to see me. I hastened to his bedside. He was greatly altered, and the catastrophe seemed fast approaching. After a brief interval, passed in such discourse as the nature of his situation appeared to suggest, he motioned to the domestics to leave us, and then, with a violent effort, said :—

“When I made my sad confession to you, dear friend, I suppressed one fact, one dreadful fact ; it came to my own knowledge just after I reached England. Why did not this communication destroy me on the spot ? I vowed never to divulge it until my last hour—it has now arrived. You heard me speak of my father having provided for another son—that son was”——

At these words a horrible suspicion possessed my soul. I rose involuntarily, paced across the room, and groaned aloud. The dying man, with desperate force, exclaimed :—“You see it then, you have pierced my secret ! But I was not the aggressor. I loved him tenderly ; loved him even when I—Oh, God !”

Alarmed by this paroxysm, I returned to the bed-side. He had sunk back on the pillow, and covered his face with his hands. I spoke, in a trembling tone, words of pity and comfort. He answered not. When my voice ceased, the stillness of death was in the chamber. Moved even to tears, I gently put aside his hands, and at one glance perceived the truth : he was dead—that last agony had burst the frail cord which bound him to existence.

Florville had named me his sole executor. The little he left (with one or two exceptions) was bequeathed to his French servant. In his escrutoire I discovered a packet, which, on examination, I found to contain proofs of the relationship between Florville and Leblanc. I was charged to transmit this packet, with other papers, communicating the whole particulars of their story, to certain individuals at Paris. It seems that the Marquis de R——, father of these unfortunate young men, had, from a feeling not difficult to comprehend, wished to keep them separate. He had committed them to the care of guardians unknown to each other, and chance alone threw them together (alas, how unhappily !) at Lyons.

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#### SUPERSTITION.

“The trick of vanity.—Why we all do laugh  
At the stage player's antics, nay often deem  
He hits to the very hair our neighbour's faults,  
When it may chance—(conceit how blind thou art !)  
He draws the bow at us.”

OLD COMEDY.

**A**N inquiry into the the deeper points of superstition—those which are peculiar to kingdoms, or which plunge into the dwellings of the dead, and bring back to scare us, visions and chimeras dire, mantled in winding sheets, and, “grinning horribly a ghastly smile”—it is not my purpose to institute. I only throw a few unpretending glances upon those lighter prejudices of the fanciful, or the weak, which we, in a smaller or lesser degree, every day jostle against

in our struggle to maintain our course upon the ocean, and amidst the envioning breakers of life. Have we not many of us stigmatized, as puerile and ridiculous, the ardent little *Miss*, who with a precocious propensity to anticipate, conjures up a wedding-ring in coffee grounds, or sows her hemp-seed at Midsummer ? And yet might not some of us have battled for a particular seat at whist, or cut for the cards, with the full assurance that on these depend the



good fortune of the game? The young lady's *superstition*, rely upon it, is not a jot more ridiculous, more at variance with nature, and nature's laws, than ours. You view with astonishment your worthy old grandmother's loudly expressed consternation, when the ominous shroud or winding-sheet in the candle scarfs up its brilliance—you sneer at your fair cousins' blush-tinged trepidation, when they, dreaming on what they wish, convert a superfluous bit of light into a love letter—you pity the eager credulity of your companion, who shudders when he finds that there are thirteen seated at the feast-board, and yet fears to break the spell by rising, lest he be the first victim—and you, the very next day, purchase the lottery ticket, No. 1,001, because it is an odd number; because it gained a capital prize at the last drawing, or because (and confess, dear smiling readers, that here at least you are vulnerable), you dreamed of that very number, or your wife, your child, your relation, dreamed of it last night. I am afraid your *superstition* in this is to the full as fanciful as that of your aged grandmother, your blushing cousins, or your credulous companions. We are told that if we walk beneath an uplifted ladder, we shall never be advanced high in the scale of fortune, never attain a noble station on the ladder of life, and we smile in the diviner's face: but the very next day, perhaps the next minute—oh, what weak creatures we are, with all our boasted wisdom, all our pride!—we decline commencing a journey, because it is *Friday*, and the day “we dread.” Ought we not in *our turns* to be laughed out of countenance? We object to helping our friend to some salt, because it will promote

differences; and we sedulously divert the order of crossed knives, because it is an omen of dread; and yet we grow eloquent on the folly of the seaman, when he nails the horse-shoe to the mast, or the peasant, when he fastens it to his door, without considering that all of us equally sacrifice at the altar of *superstition*.

I will conclude this sketch, for I deem it no more, although the subject it involves is a wide one, with a short tale, apt enough to my purpose, and which, I dare say, has many a parallel both on land and wave.

“A gentleman, coming a passenger in a vessel from the West Indies, finding it more inconvenient to be shaved than to wear his beard, chose the latter—but he was not suffered to have his choice long—it was the unanimous opinion of the sailors, and indeed of the captain as well, that there was not the least probability of a wind as long as this ominous beard was suffered to grow. They petitioned, they remonstrated; and at last prepared to cut the fatal hairs by violence. Now, as there is no operation, to which it is so much the patient's interest to consent as that of the barber—the gentleman quietly submitted; nor could the wind resist the potent spell, which instantly filled all their sails, and wafted them merrily away.”

Kind, my readers, if there be any of ye who feel an inclination of disgust at this beard-hating folly of the “tars,” repress it as you value justice and the “landsmen's consistency; for be assured, and I hope I have said enough to prove the fact, that although we might conquer *general* superstition, we are still fettered with that which belongs to our particular profession, our individual habits, and our peculiar pursuits.

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REALITIES.

I MADE myself a little boat  
And launched it on the sea;  
And into the wide world went forth  
To see what there might be.

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I had a power given me  
To gaze on every heart,  
And from its secret joy or grief  
To bid the veil depart.

I entered first a stately hall ;  
It shone with light and bloom,  
And the air was heavy with the breath  
Of music and perfume.

There saw I one, who on his head  
Wore a bright crown of gold,  
And his purple mantle swept the ground  
In many a brodered fold ;

But he had a troubled glance,  
And his look was dark with care,  
And his thoughts wandered to and fro,  
And rest they found no where.

I stood next by a gay lady ;  
Rich gems were in her hair ;  
There was not one so proud as she,  
There was not one so fair :

But I perceived her spirit turned  
From the enchanted scene,  
With sad and mournful memory,  
To days which once had been ;

When her hair was bound with flowers,  
And her spirits fresh like them,  
Ere she had bartered happiness  
For the heartless diadem.

I entered next a mossy bower ;  
And there two lovers leant,  
As if their destiny were clear  
As the moonlit element.

A moment passed, and all was dark,  
For the lover's blood was shed ;  
And his own mistress lay beside—  
Her life with his had fled.

I saw a minstrel's lofty brow,  
Green with his laurel crown ;  
But I saw, too, that high pale brow  
Was bowed in sorrow down :

For blighted hope was at his heart,  
And he had found that fame  
(The fame he had tho't more than life)  
Was nothing but a name.

I saw the sun like glory rise  
On the warrior's snow-white plume ;  
And stern and stately was his step,  
But his lip and eye were gloom :

I saw him look towards the field  
He had covered with the slain,—  
I knew his soul was on the friends  
He should not see again.

I then the crowded city sought—  
There was hurrying to and fro ;  
I asked if in it might be rest ?  
And tumult answered, no.

I called the traveller wind, oh ! where  
Peace may the weary crave ?  
And the deep voice of death replied—  
But only in the grave.

#### THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

SOME twelve years ago, I formed part of a muster of sportsmen who were assembled at the hospitable mansion of one of the heartiest and kindest of men. It was in Wiltshire, and my host and friend was a perfect model of what a country gentleman ought to be. Unfortunately for our field sports the frost set in upon us, during our stay, with such severity, that we could neither use horse nor dog for the purposes of the chase. We therefore employed our mornings in viewing the *lions* of the neighbourhood, and our evenings were cheated of *ennui* by the recital of sporting anecdotes or legends of the field. I shall now give one of these, as it was related by the son of our host, premising that I, Alfred Domicile, will personally vouch for the

identity of the scenes and characters introduced. I shall, with your leave, good readers, call it

#### THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

Distant not more than a two hours' ride from hence, commences one of those enormous tracts of land termed a *chace*, from the right of deer feed and hunting attached to it, which in the feudal æra were frequental granted to those barons and gentlemen of repute who had made themselves useful, or of consequence, in the eyes of power. The one of which I speak has recently been curtailed of its any thing but "fair proportions," and the husbandman who had before the misfortune to till lands in the purlieus of this property, can now sow his seed, in the sweat of his brow, with a hope of reaping a bounty from his labours,



and without dreading the inroads of the deer or the sortie of the keepers after them.

It was about four years ago that I was benighted in one of the many intricate and dangerous portions of this particular chase. I had hoped to have mastered its utmost precincts before the day yielded to its dark adversary, and the speed with which I had ridden the first twelve miles of my journey in order to accomplish that object, only accelerated its failure. My horse fell lame ere I had treaded a fourth part of its intricacies. I dreamed not of this when I consented to the opening of another bottle at the hospitable mansion where I had previously dined, or it might have been otherwise. But it is not till tried by peril that we woo prudence, and we rarely learn wisdom but in the school of adversity. It is irksome for a sportsman to pause, but how many of us would be sooner with the quarry were we more frequently to do so.

Well, sirs, I floundered on, over rut, furze, and bury, and with difficulty kept my saddle, from the continual plungings and rearings of my horse, which, of acuter vision than myself, was frequently scared from his route by the sweep of a startled deer. I was obliged to dismount, for my seat became as precarious as a young sailor's in the shrouds, when the sea is angry, and the light skiff, unconscious of its crew's danger, dances upon the heaving waves, and is gay and buoyant in the very jaws of destruction. I began to anathematize your sporting dinners, and to wonder that people were not contented with the fox's *brush*, or the hare's *pad*, unless they were followed by a *burst* at the feast board, and a *trail* of the red wine. Anon, it commenced to rain, and there was a moaning in the air as of troubled spirits, till mine, for I was a very youth then, felt cold and heavy. At that moment, a deep hollow bark of a dog, frightful at another time, came like music on my ear, for I knew man or his dwelling must be nigh. I was not deceived—

guided by the raving of the dog, I soon reached an antiquated, ill-kept building, which, from its whitewashed front, I concluded must be the same which was generally called "the white house of the chace." This gave me little pleasure, for I now recollected a report that went abroad, that old Faulkner, the noted smuggler and poacher, here kept his court. But I had no alternative: "present fears are worse than horrible imaginings," and I assumed a valour I hardly could feel, lifted the ponderous iron handle of the porch door, which served the double purpose of a knocker and a latch, and thundered boisterously upon the knob, which was its anvil. It was in very truth the bluster of a bully, who fears lest the recoil of his own violence, like an overloaded fowling-piece, should prostrate him the victim of his own indiscretion.

In a very few moments my signal was acknowledged, additional lights were discernible, and immediately I was accosted from within in a strain not of the most graceful melody, or cheerful recognition.

"Your business, master, your business; it is a rough night for visits of amusement, and trade has closed its shop since sunset."

"I am benighted—I would claim shelter for awhile, or a guide to the plain."

"You must proceed," rejoined the imperturbable janitor, "we cannot serve you; the keepers will be abroad, you cannot miss them, and if they do not grapple you for a poacher, and take you to old Moses to-night, and the justice to-morrow, it will be because your gold is a more potent protector than your honesty."

I pleaded for some time in vain, till at last I ventured to inquire if the house was not Mr Faulkner's, and to entreat that my name should be given to him. This was complied with, and after a pause of, it may be, five minutes, the messenger returned.

"Thank your stars that you had a father. You may come in, for he

will have it so. Come, give us your horse, you'll have a bill to pay for provender, anon."

I was met in the passage of this old house by Faulkner himself, who not only received me cordially, but kindly, and I was conducted by him to a large old-fashioned room, uncarpeted and with white-washed walls, and hung about with prints of Chevy Chase and the Duke of Marlborough's victories. A cheerful wood fire was blazing on the red-bricked hearth, a couple of wire-haired greyhounds were stretched in lazy comfort before it, and two bettermost sort of yeomen, in riding gear, were seated on either side of its ample corners. Pipes and bottles of spirits were lying on an antique dog-clawed table, and a cold venison pie and a noble ham of bacon were on a sort of side-board somewhat removed. I am thus particular, for after-circumstances impressed the minutest points of that night upon my memory.

Of Richard Faulkner himself I hardly venture upon the portraiture. Setting, as he did, the revenue and the game laws at defiance, he yet performed so many charities and kindnesses to a class of poor people that winked at his captions, that I cannot bring myself to designate him the brigand he was described to be. He was of a bold but furrowed countenance, toil, and not extreme age, for he wanted two or three years of sixty, had fallowed it with his ploughshare. Nearly six feet in stature, and close set withal, his gait was imposing, and great skill with the back-sword and sabre added formidable advantages to his natural athletic powers. He hardly ever sought a quarrel, yet never fled from one—rarely commenced an injury, save in his contraband calling, but always avenged one; and hence the little squires that lived about him rather pretended ignorance of his doings than openly opposed them, and it has been hinted that the gentry, who kept house within the sphere of his influence, were always famous for unadulterated geneva.

"Square round, my boys, square round, 'bout ships messmates," sung out Richard, as he led me to his parlour. "Here is a youngster whose father once did a good turn to Dick Faulkner, and may my brandy kegs be all bilged if he sha'n't dry his coat at as good a fire-side as any in old England, and warm his heart with as thorough proof moonshine as ever the dear lady of our revels shined upon. Come, doff your colours and your helmet, young one—a scarlet coat and a jockey cap may be well enow in the sunshine, but on a night like this are of as much use as a pocket handkerchief on a foremast, or as a bowl dish when the white horses of the sea prance over us."

A few minutes completed my metamorphosis, and entering into the spirit of my host, I joined the circle of the carousers nothing loth, and we sat "hob a nobbing," as they called it, till night was almost at odds with morning; and it was then that I requested "an arm chair and a pillow to slumber a moment, if so Mr Faulkner would permit."

"Thou shalt have a bed, boy, a bed, one fit for a king, and they do say a king slept in it once; but zounds you don't drink—come fill, fill, 'a bowl and a bottle still bears the bell,' fill to my Nancy—'good luck to the Nancy of Christchurch,' " and with that he winked to his companions.

At length, however, my entreaties for rest were granted, and I was conducted to my sleeping-room, having even Richard himself for my chamberlain.

"I am fairly glad, Mr Heartly," says he, "that you did have t'other bottle at the squire's yonder, since it gives me a chance of doing a good turn to the child of him who once served Richard Faulkner when debt was upon and a prison before him. I am a strange man, it may be roguish on an occasion, but hang it, sir, my heart's right, my heart's right. And I have seen blither days, too, Mr Heartly, and can remember the time when the scarlet coat and the



velvet cap sat as blithely upon this weather-beaten form and frost-covered brow, as upon the best of you hunters. But there were clouds and crosses came about me, and—yet that's away from my purpose—they who sail upon the bonny green waters must expect to encounter its sharks; and it's ill ripping up old grievances, or abusing the garment that is no longer new."

I shook the old boy heartily by the hand, and expressed a hope that he might yet have quiet and happy days.

"It's wishing success to the crew, boy, after the ship has been scuttled and the cargo thrown overboard; but I thank you for all that, thank you kindly, heartily; for what is it now to you, to any one, that Mr Faulkner of Hill-side once had houses, and lands, and fair flocks, and brave steeds, and bonny children—where are they now? In the lands of strangers, in captivity, in the grave! You only see Richard Faulkner, the smuggler of the chace, alone before his blazing hearth, and laughing over his cheer: but, boy, it is not the fairest tree that has the firmest heart, and the sunniest morning ere noon may be clouded."

I pressed again the proffered hand, and we interchanged "good night" with mutual sincerity; but he had not gone many steps from the door ere he returned, and just opening it again wide enough to admit of his addressing me, said softly,—

"Be not disturbed at what you may hear, no harm will come to you, the men below ride on a perilous errand—good night, and be discreet."

I was not at a loss to understand his meaning: the men were his leaders when he had any particular cargo of spirits to house, and they were to go this night and meet those who were bringing it from the coast.—About an hour after I had retired, I heard them depart; the only portion of the farewell I could gather was, "They will bring it over Martin's-head, and will wait by the Giant's-barrow—old Tom will tell you if Sanderson and his men are out; and

if they be, rather avoid than seek a quarrel, by going a mile or two about by Cromley's barn. Snare neither hare nor bird, but come right onward with the cargo—farewell—speed and caution!"—and the men, there were now three of them, set off at a round trot.

I must have slept soundly for some hours, as the grey of the morning faintly glimmered through the windows as I was aroused by the tramp of a horse at full speed, and presently by a violent knocking at the gateway. In a few minutes all was confusion below, and the voice of one of the men who had left a few hours before, was loud and hurried:—"There is no time for parley, Smith has shot him; why could he not let us pass, and take our words, it was not game we carried. We are all fettered, the steward knows it by this time, and the law will be here anon."

"But why did you fire?" "The keepers came upon us and insisted upon searching us, and swore that we should dismount and uncover our sacks. We refused and disputed their right, one word led to another, till Smith, he had the grog in his head, pushed by the ranger of Handley-walk, who struck him with his whip. This was enough, blows followed blows, till at last Smith fired upon one of them and he dropped. It was the work of a moment, and the consternation it caused in the keepers gave us the opportunity of getting from them. What are we to do?"

I could not hear the answer, but in about five minutes Faulkner came to me much disturbed—his greeting was brief but conclusive.

"Mr Heartly, there is a steed at the door that needs a rider, and there is light enough in the sky for you to sit him securely. You cannot miss the track to Kingston bushes, and you are then landed. I grieve to turn you out, as it seems, thus early, but just now there are safer nests than these of my building. No words, but away; the few thanks you owe me shut up in your mind, that

when I am gone I may have one voice to grace my memory."

"But I hope nothing has occurred that will affect you?" "A trifle, sir, a trifle: the cable must be again cut, the weather-beaten hulk must drift; where next he will find moorings no one can say, perhaps no where, perhaps in the grave. It's ill trusting men with liquor that have business to do, and a wise man should himself lead a project of difficulty. But I am grown old, and foolish, and lazy it seems, or there would have been no bl——. Pshaw, heed me not, Mr Heartly, your friends will be waiting you, and those do thrive little who sow thorns in a father's bosom. Should you again cross the old white house, and find it cold and desolate, it will only depict the fortunes of its ancient tenant. He that

hath been on the seas, my young friend," and he grasped me tightly by the wrist, and I think there was a tear upon his cheek, "hath presages of dark hours, and mine are upon me. I may struggle on for a little time, but there will be no sailing with the wind—there have been violence and bloodshed!"

The old man hurried me to the door, assisted me to mount, again wrung my hand, and shouting out, "Take the last farewell of Richard Faulkner," departed from my view forever.

The next day I was summoned to give evidence of what I knew before a neighbouring magistrate. Smith and Mason were committed, but Faulkner had departed. The white house of the chase still stands, but *Faulkner is no more.*

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#### RUSSIAN LOVE.

**T**HERE are circumstances of distress which throw an interest around those involved in them, far greater than the most lavish gifts of a prosperous fortune could confer. Squalid poverty and pallid disease, even while they awake compassion and open the hand of benevolence, excite an almost involuntary disgust; and having relieved, we gladly pass on, unwilling to contemplate longer than may be absolutely necessary, objects so painful to our feelings, so degrading to our common nature. But the distress which still preserves the propriety of better fortune, the dejection evinced only by the pale cheek, the forced and infrequent smile, and the reserve that is assumed as a shelter from observation, these are attendant circumstances which plead to the susceptibilities of the heart and seize the imagination.

Thus circumstanced was Frederick Wolmar, when the fate of battle had placed him among the number of the unfortunate prisoners of war at Soissons, in 1813. To a countenance and form noble and expressive,

the continual contemplation of his own and his wretched compatriots' misfortunes gave an air of deep melancholy. As he traversed the streets, the abstraction visible in his features plainly indicated that his soul was in his native Russia, and that its pent-up energies burned for freedom and for action. Whether it were that the general ferment in which all Europe was at that period involved indurated the hearts of men, or whether the despotic government of the modern Cæsar were inimical to the existence of the kinder charities of life, certain it is that Frederick found little in Soissons to soothe the rigour of his fate. *Des veritables malheureux*, as the unfortunate prisoners were generally termed, experienced every extreme of wretchedness; and Frederick, whom peculiar circumstances had afforded some little funds, did all in his power to relieve their necessities, while he participated in their sorrows. Thus had passed nearly five months, when he was one day suddenly recognized by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, whom he had known



in Russia, and to whom he had once rendered an essential service. After the first warm expressions of salutation, Sir Harcourt introduced Captain Wolmar to a young Frenchman of distinguished air, his companion. This was the first kindly beam of fortune that had risen upon Frederick since his capture. Sir Harcourt Aimworth was generous and grateful, and sought every means of proving to him how fully he remembered, and how anxious he was to return former benefits; and Frederick soon found his situation meliorated, and his spirits improved, under the influence of friendship. "Wolmar!" cried Sir Harcourt, one evening before they parted, "to-morrow I go to Compiègne. A grand *fete* is to be given in honour of Adolphe Clairville's coming of age—he who was with me the first day I met you here. The chateau is delightfully situated, and the scene will be new and entertaining; you must accompany me."

"Impossible! you forget that I am a prisoner."—"No, I do not; I have sufficient interest to obtain permission for your leaving Soissons for so short a time, and so short a distance."

"A change of scene, I confess," replied Frederick, "would be refreshment to my wearied eyes; but this dress is unsuited to the scene you lead me to expect."

All minor objections were soon overruled, and the following day, somewhat later than Sir Harcourt wished, they set forth for Compiègne. Some delay had occurred in obtaining the Commandant's permission, which at their outset rather clouded the spirits of both; but as the beauties of the country opened upon them, they forgot their chagrin, and, pursuing their way by the banks of the Aisne, Sir Harcourt gradually resumed his accustomed hilarity, and Frederick's heart expanded with feelings of pleasure, less apparent, but infinitely more profound.

Compiègne is distant from Soissons about nine leagues. On entering the town, which is neat and pret-

ty, many objects of interest presented themselves to Wolmar's eyes; among these was the magnificent chateau of the Empress, and its beautiful gardens, of which, before proceeding to Monsieur Clairville's, Frederick persuaded his friend to allow him a hasty view. Money, here as everywhere else, in despite of standing orders to the contrary, threw open the doors, and they traversed many apartments, through which the light steps of Maria Louisa had often passed. The disposition of the grounds afforded them even still more pleasure. From the middle of the garden an expansive plain with a fine sheet of water, appeared; the plain continuing till the eye reached a hill thickly crowned with trees, which, having a passage cut through, allowed the eye to range over an immensity of space. In that space, the sole object that met their view was a marble crucifix of colossal size, apparently touching the heavens. A fine and extensive gravel-walk, covered with mahogany, where in all weathers the Empress could take exercise, also attracted their attention. Having peeped into the wood that terminated the gardens, they hastened to resume their route to the less magnificent chateau of Monsieur Clairville.

The soft twilight of a September evening was stealing over the horizon, and had Wolmar consulted his own feelings, he would have chosen to wander in the open air, rather than seek the illuminated mansion they were approaching. However, he did not long regret the destiny which drew him thither, when, amidst a large family circle to whom he was introduced, he beheld the beautiful Adoline Clairville. Just seventeen, she inherited from her mother who had been a Parisian belle, the airy elegance of mien, the fine and graceful form, the dark and brilliant eye by which a truly beautiful French woman ever is distinguished; while from her father she derived the Saxon distinction of a complexion exquisitely fine, and a profusion of light hair. Her features, though

delicate, were expressive, and animated by a soul highly susceptible and highly cultivated.

Deeply did Wolmar now regret the hours he had wasted in his progress from Soissons; for his heart, with an impulse instantaneous and impetuous, kindled with love to Adoline. Rarely is passion so spontaneous, and still more rarely is its object so calculated to excite it as she was. Wolmar, deprived of all presence of mind, gazed upon her with eyes in whose dark orbs the fire of his soul was too apparent; and he did not utter a word till Adoline left the room. The spell that bound him was then broken, and, reddening at the recollection of his appearance while so absorbed, he endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the family. He had himself been not a little the subject of observation. His uniform pointed him out as an object of interest in a political point of view; and the gentlemen canvassed him, under the influence of national or party prejudices; while his elegant and expressive countenance, fine form, and graceful air, interested the ladies in his behalf, although, as yet, nothing more than the general bow on his entrance had acknowledged their presence.

It is allowed that an individual seldom appears to less advantage than while under the dominion of the first impressions of love. Such was the case with Frederick: a stupor appeared to have seized his faculties; his remarks were common-place and unconnected; and he occasionally fell into a silence, which might have rendered his possession of consciousness doubtful, only that he never failed to turn his eyes to the door when it opened. One after another the ladies tripped away to their toilette; some lamenting that the *joli garçon* had not the vivacity of their countrymen, and receiving this specimen of Russian manners as a confirmation of the received opinion of the barbarism of the country; while others, more acute or more liberal, attributed his abstraction to his mis-

fortunes, justly conceiving that such a countenance could not be allied to an insensible or ill-informed mind.

To soothe the fever that was taking possession of his breast, Frederick strolled into the gardens; but he found not the solitude he desired—the domestics were busied in the illuminations and decorations, and the incessant sound of the arriving carriages announced the assembling of the guests. The ball-room opened on a splendid balcony, from which wide marble steps led into the garden. Frederick placed himself in a situation that commanded a view of the gay saloon, desirous to gaze on *one* only out of all the brilliant assembly. It was not long before she appeared; her gossamer robes were of snowy whiteness, while flowers of the most delicate hue were tastefully entwined with her hair. Scarcely breathing, he approached nearer and nearer, till, sheltered under the shadow of a large tree, he stood almost before the steps of the balcony, into which, accompanied by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, Adoline now advanced. A frantic feeling of jealousy instantly seized the soul of Frederick; he thought he beheld a rival in Sir Harcourt; though a little reflection might have told him, that their tardy journey from Soissons was very unlike the progress which a favoured lover would have made to such an object. There was a pensive softness in Adoline's air, which convinced him she must feel peculiar interest in listening to her companion; and there was but one subject that could suggest itself to the heated brain of Frederick, as that on which they were conversing. In a few moments he saw Sir Harcourt bow and descend to the garden; and Adoline, returning to the room was lost in a group of ladies.

Sir Harcourt passed without perceiving him, and enquired of a domestic if he had seen Captain Wolmar, a Russian officer! "He is in the garden," was the reply. Frederick now advanced, and the moment his friend perceived him he



exclaimed—"Where, in the name of wonder, have you been hiding! How unsought and how unmerited do the favours of fortune fall into the cap of some men, who will not give themselves the trouble to hold it out to receive them. Here has the lovely Adoline been in tears at your story, and is willing to accept you as a partner in the next dance." Fervent was the pressure of hand which replied to this welcome news, and, rapid as electric light, Frederick was in the ball-room. Sir Harcourt conducted him to Mademoiselle Clairville, and buoyant with ecstasy he led her to the dance.

The passion that intoxicated him every moment gained new strength; and, without pausing to ask himself what might be the result, he determined to put a period to his suspense, by divulging it to Adoline before he returned to Soissons. Three days formed the utmost limit of his stay, and when might he hope permission to return? A prisoner of war, he had no power to quit the city without the commandant's leave. If, hitherto, his loss of liberty had been oppressive, it was now insupportable, and a thousand wild visions of flying with Adoline Clairville flitted across his mind. Before the evening was half over, the silent but eloquent language of his eyes had imparted to her the secret of his heart; and her gentle blush, her soft and downcast looks, as eloquently replied. Animated by hope, spirits that had long lain dormant mantled into brilliancy, and the severest satirists on his first appearance, were the loudest to declare him as conspicuous for his talent and address, as he was distinguished in person and in air.

At four in the morning, Adoline had quitted the ball-room; and though, from the continual flutter of coxcombs and admirers round her, Frederick had had no opportunity of breathing a connected sentence, she carried with her a conviction of the conquest she had made of his heart, and felt how quickly she was surrendering her own. "Strange,

unfortunate fatality!" she exclaimed, "out of the many suited to my rank and situation, that none should have awakened my heart; while to this stranger, responsive emotions rise spontaneously. But it must not be—he is a Russian—he is a prisoner—my father, my brother never would consent. I must shun his presence, I must banish him from my thoughts."—The effort Adoline felt would be painful; but she knew the sequel of such an ill-sorted attachment could only be fraught with the bitterest miseries, and with a resolution which it would be happy for her sex if they more frequently possessed, she determined to nip it in the bud. She possessed a strength of character beyond her years, and an exemption from the vice of coquetry uncommon to her countrywomen. Unwilling to trifle with the feelings of the unfortunate Wolmar, and fearful that her involuntary admiration had already given him too much encouragement, she forebore to join in the various entertainments prepared for those guests who remained at the chateau, and, under the plea of fatigue, did not make her appearance till the crowded ball-room again demanded her presence, and precluded the possibility of her receiving any particular address. Frederick, however, was not to be avoided: the hours passed since he had last beheld her, had wrought his mind to a pitch of desperation; and, seeing no means unaided of compassing his views, he made a confidant of Sir Harcourt. A weak good nature was the leading characteristic of the baronet's mind: he readily promised Frederick his assistance; and that evening, while the guests were at supper, he managed to detain Adoline in the deserted ball-room. Sedulously had she shunned Captain Wolmar the whole evening, never suffering her eyes to meet his, and always mingling in some group the moment he approached her. Infinite, therefore, was her sorrow to see him advance towards her, and at the same moment Sir Harcourt leave the room. She read

in his impassioned countenance the tumult of his soul, and trembling for her own strength, she sought to pass him with a slight *en passant* salutation; but the mournful and impressive tone with which he exclaimed "Accord me *one* moment, madam!" sank into her heart, and deprived her of all power if not of all wish to fly. The moments were precious; they were few and fleeting, and another opportunity might not be permitted. Frederick, therefore, seized them, as the shipwrecked wretch grasps the last fragment that gives the hope of escaping death. In the impassioned language of an ardent and heated imagination, he pleaded his passion; and in despite of every effort to assume composure, large tears dropped from the beautiful eyes of Adoline as she listened. He interpreted them too favourably: with a strong effort she summoned all her native strength of character, and thus undeceived him.

"Captain Wolmar, you have my esteem, be not offended if I say my pity—but hope—I can give you none. My fate allows me only the alternative of marriage with my father's consent, or a convent. His views with regard to my destiny, are already fixed, and fixed irrevocably!

Thus, we must never meet again! Farewell!" There was a mournful solemnity in her air that carried conviction to the heart of Frederick, and it paralyzed all the energies of a soul so lately burning with passion and elated with hope. When Adoline reached the door, she turned, and again exclaimed—"Farewell!" The pathos of her tone recalled him to himself, and darting towards her, he caught her hand, and with the wildest adoration pressed it to his lips; then, echoing her words, repeated—"Farewell! farewell for ever!" and rushed into the garden. Adoline clasped her hands, mentally ejaculating as she hurried to her own room—"Thank heaven! the effort is past! *He* at least is spared misery and humiliation. The proud Clairvilles will never wound him with their scorn. Wolmar I have spared thee that!"

She by this time had gained her window, which overlooked the garden, and she was pressing her hands upon her burning eyes, when the report of a pistol struck like a thunderbolt upon her heart. A horrid apprehension seized her brain, too soon confirmed—the unfortunate, the impetuous Wolmar had fallen by his own hand!

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THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.\*

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!  
 —We look'd for the Youth of the sunny glance,  
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!  
 The light of his eye was a joy to see,  
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee;  
 But there came a voice from a distant shore—  
 —He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more!  
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,  
 But we look for him still—he will yet return!  
 —His brother sat with a drooping brow  
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough,  
 We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,  
 For we heard a step—but the step was thine!

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\* "An early traveller mentions a people on the banks of the Mississippi, who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst those foreign travellers."—*PICART'S Ceremonies and religious Customs.*

"J'ai passe moi-meme," says Chateaubriand in his *Souvenirs d'Amerique*, "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait a pleurer a la vue d'un Voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des Amis partis pour la contrée des Ames, et depuis longtems en voyage."



We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !  
We look'd for the Maid of the mournful song ;  
Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long.  
We told her the youth of her love was gone,  
And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone !  
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,  
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill,  
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,  
The winter is white on his lonely head,  
He hath none by his side when the waste we track,  
He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back !  
We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,  
For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept ;  
We look'd for the Chief who hath left the spear,  
And the bow of his battles forgotten here ;  
We look'd for the Hunter, whose bride's lament  
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent ;  
We look'd for the First-born, whose mother's cry,  
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !  
—Where are they ?—Thou'rt seeking some distant coast,—  
Oh, ask of them, stranger !—send back the lost !  
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams ;  
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams !  
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,  
And to look for their step—but the step was thine !

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THE GHEBER'S ADDRESS TO THE RISING SUN.

PURE emblem bright of God above,  
And source of light to all below,  
With rapture glowing, fir'd with love,  
At thy approach, we prostrate bow.

With reverence holy, hallow'd, deep,  
Again we hail thy morning beams,  
That tint with gold yon rugged steep,  
That chase away unholy dreams.

O, warm our hearts with love to thee,  
With love to Him who form'd thee thus ;  
Bid every lingering shadow flee,  
And bend thy radiant eye on us.

Spread wide abroad thy power divine,  
Embrown the valley's waving corn,  
Ripen the gem within the mine,  
Of Plenty fill, O, fill the horn.

At every season's swift return,  
Our offerings on thine altar laid ;  
To thee our fires eternal burn,  
To thee our vows are early paid.

Yet still oppress'd, on ev'ry side,  
Beneath a tyrant's yoke we bow,  
O, dart thy vengeful terrors wide,  
And lay the haughty Moslem low.

O'er mountain, valley, stream and main,  
Through Persia's far-extended lands,  
May Gheber war-cries sound again,  
Inflame our hearts, and nerve our hands.

And swift, as from thy sacred face,  
The shades of night in terror fly,  
May Ali's proud and sensual race  
Before our banners flee—or die.

So may from every altar blaze  
Thy holy fires—from every heart,  
And every tongue resound thy praise,  
Till death himself shall sheathe his dart.

Pure emblem bright of God above,  
And source of light to all below,  
With rapture glowing, fir'd with love,  
At thy approach, we prostrate bow.

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I MUST BELIEVE THEE STILL SINCERE.

I MUST believe thee still sincere,  
Tho' all the world should doubt thee ;  
For when thou'rt nigh I lose my fear,  
There seems such truth about thee.  
A passion pure thy glances tell,  
And in thy bosom's heaving,  
Where heav'n resides, can coldness dwell,  
Or aught that is deceiving ?

No—never in a shrine so pure,  
Could falsehood fix its dwelling—  
Or those angelic lips allure,  
By tale deceitful telling :  
And I, till death dissolve the spell,  
Will joy in thus believing—  
For not where heav'n resides can dwell  
A thought that is deceiving.

## THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—NO. I.

— *Sera tamen respexit  
Libertas.*

**I**F peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing-lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant play-time, and frequently-intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to any thing. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation.\* In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter

through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated apprentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look any thing but comfortable.

But besides Sunday I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence: and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my duration tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its com-

\* Our ancestors, the noble old Puritans of Cromwell's day, could distinguish between a day of religious rest and a day of recreation; and while they exacted a rigorous abstinence from all amusements (even to the walking out of nursery maids with their little charges in the fields) upon the Sabbath: in the lieu of the superstitious observance of the Saints' days, which they abrogated, they humanely gave to the apprentices, and poorer sort of people, every alternate Thursday for a day of entire sport and recreation. A strain of piety and policy to be commended above the profane mockery of the Stuarts and their Book of Sports.



ing threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my day-light servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when, on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the for-

midable back parlour. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when, to my utter astonishment, B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant upon the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—for ever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy. *Esto Perpetua!*

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could

ever manage. From a poor man, poor in time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue ; I could see no end of my possessions ; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient ; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away ; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candle-light Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in by-gone winters. I walk, read or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure ; I let it come to me. I am like the man

— That's born, and has his years come to him,  
In some green desert.

"Years !" you will say ; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon ? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself ; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as

long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them, they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death :

— 'Twas but just now he went away ;  
I have not since had time to shed a tear ;  
And yet the distance does the same appear  
As if he had been a thousand years from me.

Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since ; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not—at quitting my old companions, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and their conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all ? or was I a coward simply ? Well, it is too late to repent ; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be



some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-

excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

### WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE.

"He will not be commanded."—MACBETH.

TO the discerning and enlightened I humbly address myself, hoping that they will take into consideration the statement of an individual, an individual of the male species, who alarmed at the rising growth of female power and prerogative, petitions to know where man's obeisance ends, and whether we have any claim upon woman's respect—

"The petitioner humbly sheweth—that in the course of common conversation the other day he was flatly contradicted by a young lady, whose reply was again contradicted by the petitioner, who was accused of *"rudeness for daring to contradict a lady."* That when he reverently remonstrated in support of his claims to be heard, he was further told to *"hold his tongue."* The petitioner decidedly objects to this latter piece of eloquence, and disliking unbridled power in more senses than one, he begs to know whether the reply in question be not an unallowable extension of prerogative?"

In truth, I am as obstinate as the armed head in Macbeth; I "will not be commanded" by any one man—"or woman either, Sir." There are certain courtesies due from circumstance to women, which are very generally, I think, paid them by the opposite sex, and frequently they are entitled to such attention; but I fear these petty gallantries are in

many instances carried too far, and are productive of ill. From such continued usage to the honied tones of flattery, they become offended by the honesty of truth.

Women appear to trust to their sex rather than to their merit, and seem to forget, that it is only in proportion to their practice of effeminacy, that our attentions should be proffered more or less. What I would more particularly infer is this: that their being simply of the feminine gender, when there is an absence of its charming accompaniments, is insufficient in itself to entitle them to our extraordinary regard. There is something too, extremely annoying in suffering chastisement from a weapon of our own making and gift. I do not like that determination of exerting to the utmost the power which we put into their hands: "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant."

What encroachments do some women make upon our department! Effeminacy in a certain class of males balances the evil in some measure, but does not justify it. Of dandies, (despicable race) another time—but a word or two to viragos, patronesses of "the fancy," and blue stockings.

LADIES,

Our obeisance is proffered with a proviso, that you make no unlawful intrusions upon our customs—But if

you will claim the post of a general at the head of his army, you must stand his chance of being shot. If you will assume

“The whip, the cap, the masculine attire, In which you roughen to the sense, And all the winning softness of your sex is lost ;”

If you will persist in “reining the prancing steed,” and such unbeseeming feats—In short, if you will share the rougher enjoyments of man, you must subject yourself to many inconveniences, or settle the point (to do the business thoroughly) by sword and pistol. But “do not so :” practice the effeminate virtues, and do not meddle with horses, dogs, Euclid, politics, or the dead languages—

“To rougher man ambition’s task resign,  
’Tis theirs in senates and in courts to shine ;

One only care your gentle breasts should move,

The important business of your life is *love*.”

Practise the effeminate virtues—*delicacy* will always insure corresponding behaviour on our part ; your *tenderness* and *feeling* it will be our care never to hurt ; your *timidity* will always procure you our protection, (for you are loveliest in your fears) your *modesty* will ever insure our respect, a combination of these charms, our *love*. Smiles, tears, and entreaties, will never fail, but I will not be otherwise controlled. “What ! upon compulsion ? No, not upon compulsion.”

#### EARLY RISING.

**P**ERSONS are always most influenced by that, of which they understand the rationale, the how and the wherefore, and it would be well for all parties if this mode of governing were more practised, as it would oblige rulers to understand what they enforce, which would lead to many improvements in legislation.

I am desirous of becoming a ruler, and in order thereto, I propose to raise a large army of early risers from among the slug-a-beds of human kind : but as I have no other means of enforcing my wishes than persuasion, I am happily led to employ the wisest of all means ; as a Frenchman would say, *par felicité de situation*, and I hail the favourable circumstance as an omen of my good success.

It is generally admitted as a fact, that early rising contributes to health, strength and leisure ; yet it is practised by, comparatively, very few, except those persons whose callings are so clamorous as to compel their attendance. Now why is this ? I think it must be because the slug-a-beds are not *conscious* of the *injurious process*, the result of which they cannot deny.

It is that process, then I propose to unveil to them, and if I can fix their attention, I doubt not to have them for faithful lieges to the end of their lives : for observe, the duration of my life is of no consequence ; my dominion depends on quite another thing and is only subject to dissolution by the introduction of the rule of a more potent monarch ; for as long as my influence lasts, “his servants ye are whom ye obey.”

The muscular strength of animals depends on bundles of fibres that admit of expansion and contraction in bulk and length. They are expanded in bulk by the admission of the blood ; on which, be it observed, the mechanical action, as well as the maintenance of their own texture, depends. This bulk is gradually reduced by exercise, until the greatest length is obtained, when it is obvious that a supply of food and of blood is necessary to enable the muscles to repeat the process we have described as consequent upon exercise ; for as that is but the passing of the muscles from the bulky to the lengthened or elongated state they must be restored to the former before they can *again pass* to the latter ; and as exercise



is but the passing, so we are incapable of exercise, but in proportion as we shall have repassed to the bulky state.

Now, rest facilitates this restoration, but it will be obvious that rest alone will not do it; for although the muscles will expand with rest, yet without the blood to fill mechanically the interstices, the muscles will yield on the slightest tension, and fatigue and exhaustion ensue: therefore the presence of the blood is necessary to expand the muscular congeries, and exercise is equally necessary to extend it.

Now we come to the effect of lying a-bed, in health and strength. We have seen that muscular action consists of alternate contraction and dilatation—that these depend on the blood and exercise, and that rest facilitates the accumulation of blood and consequent dilation of the muscles. We also know that overstraining of the muscles causes the most alarming weakness, but we suppose this confined to length, and yet we have seen that strength depends as much on the dilation as on the extension of the muscle; and as the distance from London to York must be the same as from York to London, so the overdilation must be as injurious in its degree as the overextension: the effect of rest being to facilitate the expansion, when that has reached its maximum it must cause an injurious tension in that direction. This being daily repeated must certainly cause weakness, and the worst sort of weakness, that which is habitual; yet this must be the effect of lying in bed one half hour longer than is necessary to the full expansion of the muscles; for exercise then becomes necessary for their relief from the injurious tension in which they are held, in that which is generally (but I think erroneously) considered as their relaxed state: for I contend they must not be considered as threads, but as systems of threads, whose peculiar action consists in being alternately extended in bulk and length. The system, therefore, is

subject to tension when at its greatest bulk as well as its greatest length.

And now, I suppose, it is not difficult to understand how lying in bed too long prevents health and strength; but this is done in a higher degree by soft beds and warm clothing, for as these allow of the greater expansion of the muscles without its being caused by the presence of the blood, which alone gives strength; so they prevent the access of that fluid, as they increase by refraction the bulk of the fibres and of the portion of blood they contain; which is obviously inefficacious as a means of strength, for its whole effect is lost in the transition from the warm bed to the temperature of the atmosphere; and as the increase of bulk is limited, whether that increase be caused by heat or the presence of the blood, must determine the quantity of strength to be imparted—to cause it by heat then, must be unfavourable to strength. The same remark applies to the atmosphere of the room in which you sleep, for if that is heated you cannot have muscular refreshment. Why not? Because as fluids expand by heat, when so expanded it is impossible to introduce an equal quantity of blood into the muscles.

The action of the warm bath confirms this theory; for there you get the bulky state of the muscles quickly, and with nourishment you are capable of renewed action; or if you rest, the access of the blood is facilitated, and consequently your exhausted strength is restored. But the warm bath differs from the warm bed, in that its application is temporary and therefore salutary; for it is well understood, that a permanent warm bath would be very codling.

Continuance in bed beyond the time necessary for refreshment tends to cause corpulence, for it is only whilst the muscles are in the bulky form that the fatty matter can be deposited.

This disease, which is easily prevented, but very difficult of cure, obviously prevents the proper elongation and consequently expansion of

the muscles, by the deposit of an unorganized substance in the space that the blood (organized for nourishment and for circulation) should fill. Thus, by shortening the muscles, it lengthens every journey, and makes objects of business and pleasure inaccessible to you, which, as my subjects, you could attain.

It may be easily understood why extreme idleness is so distressingly painful; the muscles are being stretched the wrong way for want of that exercise, which even in excess would be preferable, for it would at least make rest sweet, which is thus embittered.

List, oh! list, ye listless slaves of sloth, start up for once, and it will be a medicine for you; take exercise, even to moderate fatigue, and you will know the sweets of rest; then you are nearly drilled for my service; enter and your cure is accomplished.

The theory of cramps and growing pains seems to me quite simple in conjunction with this system.

The muscles are elastic, the nerves not. In cases of strong exercise or fatigue, during which cramp usually occurs, the muscles have been fully stretched, and in returning to the bulky form they must depart more or less, from the straight line of the arc they usually describe (as any one may see if they attempt to make a longer thread describe the same arc as a shorter); and in so doing they will press upon the nerve they would otherwise have passed, and by its tension cause pain: which, if continued, as in swimming, will paralyze the nerve, prevent the brain's control over the limb, and, as we know, often end fatally.

In other cases, ceasing to exert the limb or doing it vigorously, will generally extricate these near friends, but not always without leaving pain in the nerve.

Growing pains are, I suppose, a milder kind of cramp, arising from the muscles being more easily stretch-

ed, and perhaps habitually too long (to provide for their growth), which occasions this accident to be more frequent but milder, and to ensue particularly after fatigue. Both these inconveniences must be alleviated, at least, by early rising, and as such afford motives to join the peep of day boys.

I recommend to the elite of my corps, to propose to themselves some specific course of action: a language or a science to acquire—French, Italian, geography, music, or a course of reading in natural history, history, political economy, or the science of man: by this means the practice of early rising will be facilitated, because you increase the motive. By rising at such time as to provide for this and a walk before breakfast, thousands, many thousands of commonplace persons in the middle rank of life (who have seldom any claim upon them before breakfast) might become highly accomplished and intelligent persons, and I promise them distinction according to merit.

The effect of warm rooms and exposure to cold, may be easily traced on this theory; but I confine myself on this occasion to raising a corps of early risers. The bounty I offer to recruits is the song of the lark, the sparkling dew-drop, the glorious-coloured east—and that which may perhaps come on them by surprise, the effect of the morning sun on objects in the west, which amounts sometimes to a creation in landscapes. To the inhabitants of the metropolis I offer an hour or two of smokeless atmosphere, which they must think can be accomplished only by a magician: but no, if they only agree to be my subjects, they shall enjoy it. The permanent pay and allowances are most liberal; health and strength I have proved that my subjects must attain in a higher degree than others; and if, as Poor Richard says, "time is money," money they shall receive. Half-pay, in proportion to the length of service.



## VARIETIES.

MADAM DE GENLIS.

**H**ER character at the time she was married may be gathered from the following account of honeymoon exploits: "I remained only a few days at Genlis: I was there entertained with pond-fishing. Unluckily, I went with little white embroidered shoes, and when I got to the edge of the pond, I slipped into the mud: my brother-in-law came to my assistance, and remarking my shoes, called me *a fine lady from Paris*, which vexed me extremely: for having been brought up in a country house, I had announced all the pretensions of a person to whom all sorts of rural amusements are familiar. I replied with some warmth to the pleasantries of my brother-in-law; but hearing all the neighbours assembled at the fishing, repeating that I was *a fine lady from Paris*, my vexation became extreme; so, stooping down, I picked up a small fish about the length of my finger, and swallowed it alive, saying, 'This is to show that I am a fine lady from Paris.' I have done many other foolish things in my life, but certainly nothing so whimsical as this. Every one was confounded. M. de Genlis scolded me a great deal, and terrified me by saying, that the fish might live and enlarge in my stomach—a fright of which I did not get rid for several months."

She had a girl for a servant named Rose; "she had naturally a good disposition; without any other defects than a childishness, which led her to be somewhat obstinate and contradictory. At the same time she took an interest, and with warmth, in every thing in which others were interested, whether it was a serious matter, or a frolic of gaiety. Our reading interested her deeply; at the same time if I proposed to her a school-girl's frolic, she would join in it with all her heart. There was at Genlis the largest bathing machine I

ever saw, four people could easily have bathed in it. One day I proposed to my sister-in-law, that we should both bathe ourselves in it in milk, and that we should go into the neighbourhood, and buy all the farmers' milk. We dressed ourselves in the disguise of peasant girls, and mounted on asses, led by John the carman, my first riding-master; we left Genlis at six in the morning, and went to the distance of two leagues all round to bespeak all the milk at the little farm-houses, desiring them to bring it next morning to the chateau of Genlis. In some cottages we were afraid of being recognized, we waited for John at a little distance, and entered into all the others. We took a milk bath, which is the most delightful thing in the world; we had caused the surface of the bath to be strewed over with rose leaves, and we remained two hours in that charming bath."

\* \* \* \* "I was now *enceinte* of Madame de Valence, who was born, (as well as my first child) in the Cul-de-sac St Dominique. After my accouchment, I experienced a real fright. As soon as the infant was examined, I remarked on the features of M. de Genlis, and all the other persons who were in the room, an air of consternation, which led me to fancy that I had brought a deformed child into the world; at the same time I heard a mysterious whispering, which confirmed my fears. I interrogated every one so anxiously, that they were at last obliged to answer me. M. de Genlis, with a visage of preparation that made me shudder, told me that my poor little girl was in fact born with a *deformity*; but he advised me to be tranquil, and that next day I should know all. I was by no means disposed to be tranquil; but burst into tears, crying that I insisted on seeing my infant, to bless it, and *love it all alone*, were it even a carp. M. de Genlis scolded me, for

what he called *my unbridled imaginations*, and at last they brought me the *monster*, which turned out such a charming young woman, and showed me below her chin a strawberry in half relief, very red, and marked with little spots, like that fruit; of the same shape, and exactly resembling a beautiful garden-strawberry. On discovering that this was all, my joy was unbounded." —

#### ANECDOTE OF CHARLES X.

Lewis XV. was very fond of his grandchildren; but he inherited the tone and manners of his royal predecessor, and displayed such dignity in his behaviour to them as was little calculated to draw forth the sprightly vivacity so natural and so pleasing at their age. The young princes loved their grandfather; but they looked up to him with reverential awe.—One day the Count d'Artois, more bold and lively than his brothers, laid a wager with them, that he would appear before the King with his hat on. The wager was accepted; and the next morning, when his grandchildren were brought to pay their respects to his Majesty, the Count d'Artois, running hastily into the presence chamber, drew his sword, pretending to be captain of the guard, and clapped his hat on his head in the true military style. Upon Lewis XV. expressing surprise at this novel *entree*, the young prince saluted him with the point of his sword, still keeping his hat on, saying, "How do you like me now, grandpapa? they tell me that I look very much like your Majesty." "Very much indeed, my dear boy," answered the King, smiling and kissing him. The Count d'Artois, then taking off his hat and respectfully saluting his grandfather, turned to his brothers and said, "Mind—I've won my wager." —

#### MR MACREADY.

Mr Macready, whilst performing at a Theatre under the management of the late Mr Mansell, unnecessarily made use of an oath, contrary to the rules of Mr Mansell's establishment, who, much to his credit, oblig-

ed all the performers who used oaths unnecessarily to forfeit the sum of five shillings, which forfeits were appropriated to the relief of sick and indigent actors: when settling with Mr Macready for his stipulated salary, he deducted the required sum for a breach of his rules. Mr Macready, with great cheerfulness, submitted to the deduction, and upon inquiring to what purpose the sum (so obtained) would be appropriated, gave a £10 note towards the furtherance of so excellent a plan, saying, "he wished from his heart all managers would adopt the same system, as nothing tended so much towards the fall of the drama as this offensive custom." —

#### TO RESIST FROST.

A process for ascertaining the *Power of Building Materials to resist Frost*, has lately occupied a considerable share of the attention of the French philosophers. It consists in causing a fragment of the material, by boiling, to absorb a saturated solution of Glauber's salt, the spontaneous crystallization of which disintegrates the stone, in the same manner as the freezing of water in its pores. If the stone be boiled too long, in the solution, or the saturation be effected at too high a temperature, the force of crystallization exceeds the usual effects of frost; therefore, to avoid error in this respect, a series of instructions are given, for conducting the process. Water is to be saturated with Glauber's salt at the common temperature; the solution is to be boiled, and while boiling freely, the specimens are to be introduced, and the boiling continued for half an hour and not longer. The specimens are then to be withdrawn, and suspended by threads, with a small vessel, containing some of the solution, under each specimen. In about 24 hours, but depending on the state of the atmosphere, the specimens will be found covered with small white crystals; they are then to be plunged, each, into the vessel below it, when the crystals will fall off, and the specimens again to be



suspended as before. This process is to be repeated, every time the crystals form on the specimen. The trial should be concluded at the end of the fifth day, after the appearance of the first crystals; and if the stone, brick, or mortar, under trial, be capable of resisting the frost, the salt will remove nothing from it, neither in grains, nor scales, nor fragments; and the solution which was placed beneath it will remain pure. Where two stones are to be subjected to a comparative trial, the specimens must be weighed before the trial, and the matter separated from each must be collected, washed, dried, and weighed, and the relative loss of weight indicates the proportion which the specimens tried would suffer, by exposure to the weather and frost.

#### WATER TELESCOPE.

A new instrument, which may be called a *Water Telescope*, has been contrived. It consists of a cone-like tube, of variable length, about one inch in circumference at the *apex*, and ten at the base; with glasses or crystals at the ends. When the large end is plunged to the bottom of the water, and the eye applied to the other, as there is nothing to interrupt the flow of light in the tube, whatever is at the bottom of the water becomes completely visible. That the instrument may be used at night, a lateral lamp is fitted, in a short cylinder, to the large end of the tube, to which also, two other tubes communicate; one for carrying off the smoke, &c., the other for supplying fresh air; and the light being cast upon the ground, makes its surface distinct to the inspector.

#### MOHAMED ALI PACHA.

Mohamed Ali Pacha, the viceroy, who has done so much for the amelioration of the interior of his states, and organized a part of his army after the European manner, has established a line of telegraphs from Alexandria to Cairo, and relays of horses, at each telegraphic situation, for the greater despatch of couriers from

place to place. He has, also, founded a college, supported by himself, at a short distance from Cairo, in the palace of his son, Ishmael Pacha; it contains one hundred students; and the courses of learning consists of the Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Greek, Latin, Italian and French languages; arithmetic and mathematics; geometry and drawing; physics, chemistry, history, and geography, &c. Some of the students are studying the European languages, for the purpose of translating the works Ali Pacha intends to introduce. He has also established a printing press, and published an Arabian and Italian Dictionary, with some military works, translated from the Italian into the Turkish—the military officers, in general, not understanding the Arabic. It is his intention to build a "*lazar house*," for persons afflicted with the plague; and, by the precautions he prescribes, it is much to be hoped that Egypt will be entirely freed from this distemper. French and Italian physicians are sent all over the country to vaccinate the children—a measure the more extraordinary, as it opposes religious prejudices and is a victory gained over superstition by the simple efforts of humanity.

#### SWEDEN.

The state of crime in Sweden is less distressing than in most other countries. The whole number of persons committed to prison for offences does not exceed 1500, viz. about 800 convicted of various crimes, and 700 imprisoned for vagrancy and other offences of police. A Royal Commission has been appointed to superintend all the Prisons and Houses of Correction, so as to place their discipline and administration on a common footing. A House of correction is building at Stockholm, in which the prisoners will be allowed part of the gains made by their work, and may lay it up to form a sum against the time of their liberation. Similar measures are also in progress at Christiana, in Norway.

## THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

On the night of the first representation of his *Ayeux Chimeriques*, J. B. Rousseau was seated in the pit, next to a man who continued blowing a whistle during the entire of the first act. As soon as it was over he turned to Rousseau: "Sir," said he, "I am obliged to go out for a moment, may I ask you to take my whistle, and be my substitute in case they shall begin before my return?"—"With the greatest pleasure, Sir," replied Rousseau; and accordingly, the moment the actors appeared, he joined with all his might in damning his own piece. This reminds us of Aristides inscribing his own name on the Vote.

## IDOLATRY.

At the last sitting of the Society of Courland, at Mittau, the Pastor Walson read a memoir entitled, "*Essay on the Mythology of the Lithuanians at the commencement of the 15th Century, under the reign of Witold, the father of Jagelloo.*" Would any one suppose that, at a period so near as the beginning of the 13th century, the inhabitants of Lithuania adored serpents, and the fire, which they took care to keep continually lighted in their temples; and, still more strange to say, a hammer of prodigious size, to which they attributed the deliverance of the sun from its periodical prison? They also revered several forests, as being the residence of their divinities!!!

## WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

The Spartan frigate of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Captain (now Sir J.) Brenton, met with a severe loss on the 14th May, off Nice; she had been all day chasing a polacre ship, and at sunset both were becalmed, at the distance of about five miles from each other; the vessel appeared to be an unarmed merchant ship. The boats of the Spartan, with the two senior lieutenants, Weir and Williams, and seventy of the best men, pulled alongside in two divisions, and attempted to board her on the bow and quarter with the usual determi-

nation and valour of British seamen; but the vessel was defended by a numerous and equally gallant crew, with boarding nettings and every other means of resistance. The first discharge from their great guns and musketry laid sixty-three of our brave fellows low, the first and second lieutenants and twenty-six men being killed or mortally wounded; seven men only remained unhurt. The few remaining hands conducted the boat back to the ship. The narrow escape of one of the men was very remarkable. James Bodie, the coxswain of the barge, was missing. The deceased men were all laid out on the main-deck: the wife of Bodie, a beautiful young woman, flew with a lantern from one to the other, in search of her husband, but in vain; all the survivors declared that he had undoubtedly perished; they saw him wounded, and fall between the ship and the boat. The poor woman became delirious, got into the barge on the booms, and taking the place lately occupied by Bodie, could with difficulty be moved from it. A few days, with the soothing kindness of the officers and crew, produced a calm but settled grief. At Malta, a subscription of eighty guineas was made for her, and she was sent to her parents in Ireland. Some weeks elapsed when the Spartan spoke a neutral vessel from Nice, and learnt that a polacre had arrived there, after a severe action with the boats of a frigate; that she had beaten them off, and that when they had left her, a wounded Englishman was discovered holding by the rudder chains; he was instantly taken on board, and after being cured of his wounds, sent off to Verdun. Captain Brenton, concluding this could be no other than his coxswain, wrote to his friends at that depôt, and the fact turned out to be as he had supposed. Mrs Bodie was made acquainted with the miraculous escape of her husband, who remained a prisoner four years. He was at length restored to his family, and now enjoys a birth on board the Royal Charlotte yacht, with his



old captain; his wife is with him, and both are highly and deservedly respected.

#### THE KING'S THEATRE.

The enormous sum which is paid by the public for the support of this establishment unquestionably entitles England to the finest opera that can be drawn together from the elite of Europe; the receipts have commonly been said to fluctuate from 60,000*l.* to 70,000*l.* per annum; When it is considered that the House is opened not more than from sixty to seventy nights at the utmost, this will seem a tolerably expensive amusement. But when it has been also shown that the best foreign theatres are splendidly appointed for little more than half the sum, rich John Bull must be content to hear and see, as poor John Bull eats his bread, namely, at double the price of his neighbours on the Continent.

#### RUSSIAN PROCLAMATION.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a proclamation to assemble the General Diet of Poland on the 13th May, and to close on the 13th June; and the Senators and Deputies are told in truly imperious terms, in what manner they are to behave themselves during their short month of representation. They are reminded that the Diet of 1820 had spent its time in endless disputes, and accordingly, says the proclamation—"This will teach you to avoid the consequences of discord, and the delusions of mistaken self-love." This admonition, one would think, might have been safely relied on; but, nevertheless, another proclamation follows, depriving the assembly of the publicity of debate. There can be no danger but the mute and obsequious Representatives will prove as harmless as the Emperor and his ministers can possibly desire.

#### SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS IN LANTERNS.

M. Lariviere, a mechanic at Geneva, has conceived the idea of substituting for glass in lanterns, plates of polished iron, pierced with small

holes, regularly placed, and very close to one another. These plates allow the light to pass through them extremely well, and are much superior to metallic wires, which are easily deranged. The same person is at work on a machine by which he will be enabled to pierce, with regularity and expedition, a number of small holes, so as to perform in a minute the same labor which, according to the existing methods, it would require an hour to execute. This invention will be very serviceable in the construction of sieves and filtering vessels.

#### PATENT

To THOMAS GETHEN, of Union-street, Southwark, Surrey, Gentleman, for Improvements in the Machinery and Processes of making Metallic Rollers, Pipes, Cylinders, and certain other Articles.

This is an improved mode of casting, which appears to possess several advantages of considerable importance. It consists, first, in causing the mould to move, so that its parts are successively filled with fluid metal from a stationary melting pot, without the metal having to run any distance in the mould; and, secondly, in the application of a porous coating to the core, provided with channels for conducting away the steam and the air from the mould. The progressive motion of the mould is effected by a rack and pinion; and the mould has a wedge-shaped channel extending its whole length. Into this channel the melted metal flows from the pot; and the parts of the mould are filled as they pass the lip of the melting pot, while a stop-plate presses against and closes the channel as the mould advances. The core has one or more small grooves extending its whole length, for conducting the steam and air from the mould: and, in order that the steam and air may pass into the grooves, the surface of the core is coated with paper, or other porous matter. One of the most useful applications of this

mode of casting is, to making leaden pipes; and in forming these pipes, the mould descends vertically as it fills with melted metal. The castings may obviously be made of considerable length, as fifteen, twenty, thirty, or more feet. The fluid metal may be of a low temperature, and, consequently, free from bubbles; and the regular union of its parts will not be interrupted by its having to move in the mould. It may, further, be remarked that, with the exception of the last part, which is formed, of each length, the metal will consolidate under a considerable pressure of semi-fluid metal, a circumstance which is well known to produce compactness or strength.

The patentee intends to apply his process to casting sheets of lead, and various other articles, required in such lengths as to render the application of this improvement desirable. It will scarcely be necessary to point out, to our readers, the advantage of being able to cast lead pipes, in a sound and perfect manner, in long lengths; but it may not be so obvious that pipes cast well are much better than drawn pipe. By drawing a pipe the longitudinal cohesion is increased; but the lateral cohesion, or strength to resist splitting, is diminished; and as the strain on a pipe always tends to split it, it must be evident that drawing tends to weaken a pipe, in that direction in which it is most essential that it should be strong.

#### PERSEVERING RECLUSE.

Agnes Du Rocheir, a very pretty girl, the only child of a rich tradesman in Paris, had, like many others of her communion, a wish to get to heaven without once going out of her chamber; and accordingly, on October the 5th, 1403, she built herself a little chamber, joining to the wall of a church, wherein was nothing but a little window, from whence the pious (but filthy) solitary heard the offices of the church, and received the necessities of life. The church celebrated this seclusion with great pomp, for Agnes was

rich. She lived this *holy* life till she reached her ninety-eighth year, and then died.

We know not under what head to place the following EXTRAORDINARY ENTRY, which appears in the parish register of Bermondsey, in 1604.

*August*—The forme of a solemn vowe made betwixt a man and his wife, the man having been long absent, through which the woman being married to another man, took her again, as followeth:

*The Man's Speech.*—Elizabeth, my beloved wife, I am right sorie that I have so long absented myself from thee, whereby thou shouldest be occasioned to take another man to thy husband; therefore I do nowe vowe and promise in the sight of God, and of this companie, to take thee againe as mine owne, and not onlie forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and doe all other duties unto thee as I promised at our marriage.

*The Woman's Speech.*—Ralphie, my beloved husband, I am right sorie that I have in thy absence, taken another man to my husband; but here, before God and this companie, I do renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keep myself onlie unto thee during life, and to perform all the duties which I first promised unto thee on our marriage.

*The Prayer.*—Almighty God, we beseech thee pardon our offences, and give us grace ever hereafter to live together in thy feare, and to perform the holy duties of marriage one to another according as we are taught in thy holie word; for thy dear son's sake, Jesus. Amen.

*The entry concludes thus.*—The first day of August, 1604, Ralphie Goodchild, of the parish of Barking, in Thames-street, and Elizabeth his wife, weere agreed to live together, and thereupon gave their hands one to another, making either of them a solemn vowe so to doe in the presence of WILLIAM STERE, Parson; EDWARD COKER; and RICHARD EIRE, Clerk.